POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

FRANCE

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POEMS OF PLACES

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

FRANCE AND SAVOY

VOL. II.

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By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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FRANCE.

Nancy.

CHARLES THE BOLD.

THE moon looks down on lovely lands, in traversing the skies,
But joyously o'er Burgundy she stops to feast her eyes;
The sun, who dallies gallantly with ladies north and south,
Is never tired of kissing Burgundian Mary's mouth.

Rich is the Duke of Burgundy in beautiful domains;
Purple clusters gem the hill-tops, and yellow sheaves the plains;
Rich cities and free peoples in the streams reflected shine,
And Bliss is here the reaper, and Plenty trims the vine.

Earth strives with all her treasures his possessions to environ,

His lands abound in quarries, and in mines of lustrous iron;
For him full many a castle in pride and splendor looms,
And in the golden castle a lovely daughter blooms.

With a sword in battle tempered he must defend his lands,
That their gardens may not wither in the smoke of hostile brands;
He must protect these treasures, to flourish and increase
Long after their true guardian in the graveyard rests in peace.

* * * * *

By Nancy, for the ravens is a carnival in store,
Sits the Duke in bloody judgment, who never will judge more!
There the hero-tree of Burgundy was prostrate, branch and stem,
Flowers of Lorraine and Switzerland, — the same blast withered them!

Mark the colors and the crests which the hosts opposing show,
Mark the crests and colors mingled where the slaughtered hosts lie low:
Like kings in purple mantles with smoking carnage red, —
Know you who has thus united them? Death reconciles the dead!

At Nancy a new tombstone in the Cathedral lies,
And o'er it like a statue leans a maid with weeping eyes;

On her countenance is brooding a sorrow dark and deep,
One here may see a daughter for a loving father weep.

At Nancy in the graveyard a multitude appear,
Led by the ties of sorrow from districts far and near;
And if any tears are shed there, they without deception fall, —
The mourners, as they bury us, adjudge the deeds of all!

Anastasius Grün. Tr. John Osborne Sargent.

Neuilly.

PRAY FOR ME.

IN the hamlet desolate,
Brooding o'er his woes in vain,
Lay a young man, doomed by fate,
Wasted by disease and pain.
"People of the chaumière,"
Said he, "'t is the hour of prayer;
Ringing are the bells! all ye
Who are praying, pray for me!

"When you see the waterfall
Covered with dark boughs in spring,
You will say, He 's free from all,
All his pain and suffering.
Then returning to this shore
Sing your simple plaint once more,

And when ring the bells, all ye
Who are praying, pray for me.

"Falsehood I could not endure,
Was the enemy of hate;
Of an honest life and pure
The end approaches, and I wait.
Short my pilgrimage appears;
In the springtime of my years
I am dying; and all ye
Who are praying, pray for me.

"Best of friends and only friend,
Worthy of all love and praise,
Thine my life was to the end;
Ah, 't was but a life of days.
People of the chaumière,
Pity, at the hour of prayer,
Her who comes with bended knee,
Saying also, Pray for me!"

Charles-Hubert Millevoye. *Tr. Anon.*

Nîmes.

NÎMES.

NO old cathedral here doth skyward tower,
Nor ancient cloister with dark corridor,
Where blazoned stones are said at midnight's hour
To rise from out the floor.

Here are no steeples fretted to the light,
Whose heaven-invading spires with pride upshoot;
With joinéd hands here kneels no sculptured knight,
At Gothic coffin's foot.

Here no Madonna of the woods doth stand,
Where for her absent lord the châtelaine prayed,
Nor by the herdsman, lifted cap in hand,
Are Aves longer said.

And here no crenelled castle's mossy wall
Bristles with turrets and with parapets,
Which ocean, with its ceaseless rise and fall,
Monotonously frets.

But pagan Rome still lives here, though asleep;
Her flying eagle, with all-conquering wing,
Left nowhere else her talons' print so deep
As in the place I sing.

The palace, circus, temple here are seen,
A noble monument though in decay,
And everywhere the Past shows what has been,
The Future to dismay.

There fallen front of some triumphal gate
Foreshows the destiny of bright To-day;
Here gods and death now share the same estate, —
Mixed in one urn are they.

The Gaul and Thracian stained the arena's space,
Content to be applauded ere their death,

Before this people-king who wished with grace
To have them yield their breath.

Steeped in delicious perfumes came the knights;
In Eastern robes that swept these stones they pressed
Midst venal beauties and these fierce delights,
To charm the listless breast.

Brilliant effeminates! alone amused
(Pleasure's abuse had hardened so their heart)
With scenes of passion where life's blood effused,
Where only Death took part.

And then the basilic with splendid frieze
Like to a god bronzed in the censer's glow;
And carved acanthus leaves that evening's breeze
Seems swaying to and fro.

Showing its crumbling wall through smiling bowers,
The triple goddess' temple in decay;
Just like a wrinkled forehead under flowers,
Peep out the ruins gray.

Ruins where poets come to dream at eve,
Ruins wherein are lesser ruins pent;
As exiled prince doth still a refuge give
To those in banishment.

Diana, as she holds her nightly course,
Seems seeking still with melancholy light
On altar riven by the wild-fig's force,
An incense taken flight.

And here the tower which into ether springs;
Neighbor of lightnings is its summit bold;
The aqueduct through air the water brings,
Two mountains in its hold.

Near to these ruins time dissolves so fast,
Brilliant with splendor, the new city see;—
As from a trunk shattered by lightning-blast
Shoots up a thrifty tree.

Jean Reboul. Tr. Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THE AMPHITHEATRE OF NÎMES.

REMAINS of giant old whose magnitude
Can show the scale of Nîmes as once she stood,
The stranger's being thrills with feeling deep,
When thy vast outlines stretch before his eyes;
No stirring reveries in me arise,
For here did boyhood sleep.

I've heard the thousand-voicéd wind at night
Sweep through thy countless arches in its might,
Till I death's renegades no more can view,
Still with their parting breath not satisfied;
Nor shades of those who in the arena died
Brandish their blades anew.

So often at the public evening fêtes
The brilliant flame has lighted up thy gates,
That red reflections cast on every porch
Recall no more the nightly revelry

When Rome debauched to gloomy energy
Burnt Christians for a torch.

When here I bring the choice friend of my heart
On pilgrimage of poesy or art,
I leave to him to seek where Cæsar swayed,
Place of proconsuls and each noble line,
And where the vestal's finger gave the sign
That plunged the fatal blade.

Dreaming of other days my mind is fain
To build from thought the Gothic wall again,
Catholic cradle of our St. Castor.
Creeping along thy steps as creeps the mould
Along the dead oak's bark, from houses old
The humble people pour.

Again I see the troop of merry girls
Turning the wheel and singing while it whirls,
On soil where bloodshed gave an ample yield,
Just as the timid dove is sometimes seen
To build where greedy vultures oft have been
Reddening the verdant field.

The wild-fig's leaves o'erhang again to-day
The doorway's arch corroded by decay,
As a dark brow o'erhangs an Afric eye;
The ruins jut from Moorish turrets where
Before St. Martin did thy brave knights swear
To conquer or to die.

And mail-clad soldiers here, whose sword and lance
Were pledged to keep thee from the foe's advance,

Who braved for thee a thousand fierce assaults;
Guileless profaners of Rome's wondrous art,
The martial swarm made with all-simple heart
Their cells of thy vast vaults.

For Rome was then abandoned so of all,
In her memorials was seen her fall;
Grand monuments in which her pride was placed
Were by the Goth put to an abject use;
What held her sacred ashes found abuse,
Into a trough debased.

Jean Reboul. Tr. Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Normandy.

MY NORMANDY.

WHEN gloomy Winter takes his flight,
When all begins to bloom anew,
And when the sun with softest light
Returns to deck our sky so blue;
And when the swallows we can see,
And when fresh green o'erspreads the earth,
I long for my own Normandy,
For that 's the land that gave me birth.

Among the glaciers I have been,
Where from the vale the châlet peers,

The sky of Italy I've seen,
And Venice with her gondoliers.
And, leaving all, I've said: "To me
There is a land of greater worth;
Naught can excel my Normandy,
For that's the land that gave me birth.

The life of man a period knows
When every youthful dream must cease,
When the tired soul desires repose,
And in remembrance finds its peace.
When dull and cold my muse shall be,
And end her songs of love and mirth,
O, then I'll seek my Normandy;
For that's the land that gave me birth.

Frédéric Bérat. Tr. John Oxenford.

APOLOGY FOR CIDER.

THOUGH Frenchmen at our drink may laugh,
And think their taste is wondrous fine,
The Norman cider which we quaff
Is quite the equal of his wine, —
When down, down, down it freely goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

Whene'er a potent draught I take,
How dost thou bid me drink again!
Yet, pray, for my affection's sake,
Dear Cider, do not turn my brain.

O, down, down, down it freely goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

I find I never lose my wits,
However freely I carouse,
And never try in angry fits
To raise a tempest in the house;
Though down, down, down the cider goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

To strive for riches is all stuff;
Just take the good the gods have sent.
A man is sure to have enough
If with his own he is content;
As down, down, down the cider goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

In truth that was a hearty bout;
Why, not a drop is left, — not one;
I feel I've put my thirst to rout;
The stubborn foe at last is gone.
So down, down, down the cider goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

Oliver Basselin. Tr. John Oxenford.

Oloron-Sainte-Marie.

THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE.

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine
Has left his château in the Pyrenees,
And sailed across the Western seas.
When he went away from his fair demesne
The birds were building, the woods were green;
And now the winds of winter blow
Round the turrets of the old château, —
The birds are silent and unseen,
The leaves lie dead in the ravine,
And the Pyrenees are white with snow.

His father, lonely, old, and gray,
Sits by the fireside day by day,
Thinking ever one thought of care;
Through the southern windows, narrow and tall,
The sun shines into the ancient hall,
And makes a glory round his hair.
The house-dog, stretched beneath his chair,
Groans in his sleep as if in pain,
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps again,
So silent is it everywhere, —
So silent you can hear the mouse
Run and rummage along the beams
Behind the wainscot of the wall;
And the old man rouses from his dreams,

And wanders restless through the house,
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor
Of a distant passage, and pause awhile;
He is standing by an open door
Looking long, with a sad, sweet smile,
Into the room of his absent son.
There is the bed on which he lay,
There are the pictures bright and gay,
Horses and hounds and sunlit seas;
There are his powder-flask and gun,
And his hunting-knives in shape of a fan;
The chair by the window where he sat,
With the clouded tiger-skin for a mat,
Looking out on the Pyrenees,
Looking out on Mount Marboré
And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan.
Ah me! he turns away and sighs;
There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,
Wind or rain or starry heaven,
Just as the clock is striking seven,
Those who look from the windows see
The village Curate, with lantern and maid,
Come through the gateway from the park
And cross the courtyard damp and dark, —
A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he stands,
His voice is cheery, his heart expands,

He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze
Of the fire of fagots, about old days,
And Cardinal Mazarin and the Fronde,
And the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond,
And what they did, and what they said,
When they heard his Eminence was dead.

And after a pause the old man says,
His mind still coming back again
To the one sad thought that haunts his brain,
"Are there any tidings from over sea?
Ah, why has that wild boy gone from me?"
And the Curate answers, looking down,
Harmless and docile as a lamb,
"Young blood! young blood! It must so be!"
And draws from the pocket of his gown
A handkerchief like an oriflamb,
And wipes his spectacles, and they play
Their little game of lansquenet
In silence for an hour or so,
Till the clock at nine strikes loud and clear
From the village lying asleep below,
And across the courtyard, into the dark
Of the winding pathway in the park,
Curate and lantern disappear,
And darkness reigns in the old château.

The ship has come back from over sea,
She has been signalled from below,
And into the harbor of Bordeaux
She sails with her gallant company.

But among them is nowhere seen
The brave young Baron of St. Castine;
He hath tarried behind, I ween,
In the beautiful land of Acadie!

And the father paces to and fro
Through the chambers of the old château,
Waiting, waiting to hear the hum
Of wheels on the road that runs below,
Of servants hurrying here and there,
The voice in the courtyard, the step on the stair,
Waiting for some one who doth not come!
But letters there are, which the old man reads
To the Curate, when he comes at night,
Word by word, as an acolyte
Repeats his prayers and tells his beads;
Letters full of the rolling sea,
Full of a young man's joy to be
Abroad in the world, alone and free;
Full of adventures and wonderful scenes
Of hunting the deer through forests vast
In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast;
Of nights in the tents of the Tarratines;
Of Madocawando, the Indian chief,
And his daughters, glorious as queens,
And beautiful beyond belief;
And so soft the tones of their native tongue,
The words are not spoken, they are sung!

And the Curate listens, and smiling says:
"Ah yes, dear friend! in our young days

We should have liked to hunt the deer
All day amid those forest scenes,
And to sleep in the tents of the Tarratines;
But now it is better sitting here
Within four walls, and without the fear
Of losing our hearts to Indian queens;
For man is fire and woman is tow,
And the Somebody comes and begins to blow."
Then a gleam of distrust and vague surmise
Shines in the father's gentle eyes,
As firelight on a window-pane
Glimmers and vanishes again;
But naught he answers; he only sighs,
And for a moment bows his head;
Then, as their custom is, they play
Their little game of lansquenet,
And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day
And many a week and month depart,
When a fatal letter wings its way
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,
And strikes and tears the old man's heart.
Lo! the young Baron of St. Castine,
Swift as the wind is, and as wild,
Has married a dusky Tarratine,
Has married Madocawando's child!

The letter drops from the father's hand;
Though the sinews of his heart are wrung,
He utters no cry, he breathes no prayer,

No malediction falls from his tongue;
But his stately figure, erect and grand,
Bends and sinks like a column of sand
In the whirlwind of his great despair.
Dying, yes, dying! His latest breath
Of parley at the door of death
Is a blessing on his wayward son.
Lower and lower on his breast
Sinks his gray head; he is at rest;
No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old château
Lies tenantless and desolate;
Rank grasses in the courtyard grow,
About its gables caws the crow;
Only the porter at the gate
Is left to guard it, and to wait
The coming of the rightful heir;
No other life or sound is there;
No more the Curate comes at night,
No more is seen the unsteady light,
Threading the alleys of the park;
The windows of the hall are dark,
The chambers dreary, cold, and bare!

At length, at last, when the winter is past,
And birds are building, and woods are green,
With flying skirts is the Curate seen
Speeding along the woodland way,
Humming gayly, "No day is so long
But it comes at last to vesper-song."

He stops at the porter's lodge to say
That at last the Baron of St. Castine
Is coming home with his Indian queen,
Is coming without a week's delay;
And all the house must be swept and clean,
And all things set in good array!
And the solemn porter shakes his head;
And the answer he makes is: "Lackaday!
We will see, as the blind man said!"

Alert since first the day began,
The cock upon the village church
Looks northward from his airy perch,
As if beyond the ken of man
To see the ships come sailing on,
And pass the Isle of Oléron,
And pass the Tower of Cordouan.

In the church below is cold in clay
The heart that would have leaped for joy —
O tender heart of truth and trust! —
To see the coming of that day;
In the church below the lips are dust;
Dust are the hands, and dust the feet,
That would have been so swift to meet
The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old château
Is a blaze of light above and below;
There 's a sound of wheels and hoofs in the street,
A cracking of whips, and scamper of feet,

Bells are ringing, and horns are blown,
And the Baron hath come again to his own.
The Curate is waiting in the hall,
Most eager and alive of all
To welcome the Baron and Baroness;
But his mind is full of vague distress,
For he hath read in Jesuit books
Of those children of the wilderness;
And now, good, simple man! he looks
To see a painted savage stride
Into the room, with shoulders bare,
And eagle feathers in her hair,
And around her a robe of panther's hide.

Instead, he beholds with secret shame
A form of beauty undefined,
A loveliness without a name,
Not of degree, but more of kind;
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,
But a new mingling of them all.
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,
Transfigured and transfused, he sees
The lady of the Pyrenees,
The daughter of the Indian chief.

Beneath the shadow of her hair
The gold-bronze color of the skin
Seems lighted by a fire within,
As when a burst of sunlight shines
Beneath a sombre grove of pines, —
A dusky splendor in the air.

The two small hands, that now are pressed
In his, seem made to be caressed,
They lie so warm and soft and still,
Like birds half hidden in a nest,
Trustful, and innocent of ill.
And ah! he cannot believe his ears
When her melodious voice he hears
Speaking his native Gascon tongue;
The words she utters seem to be
Part of some poem of Goudouli,
They are not spoken, they are sung!
And the Baron smiles, and says, "You see,
I told you but the simple truth;
Ah, you may trust the eyes of youth!"

Down in the village day by day
The people gossip in their way,
And stare to see the Baroness pass
On Sunday morning to early Mass;
And when she kneeleth down to pray,
They wonder, and whisper together, and say,
"Surely this is no heathen lass!"
And in course of time they learn to bless
The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate learns
A secret so dreadful, that by turns
He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns.
The Baron at confession hath said,
That though this woman be his wife,
He hath wed her as the Indians wed,

He hath bought her for a gun and a knife!
And the Curate replies: "O profligate,
O Prodigal Son! return once more
To the open arms and the open door
Of the Church, or ever it be too late.
Thank God, thy father did not live
To see what he could not forgive;
On thee, so reckless and perverse,
He left his blessing, not his curse.
But the nearer the dawn the darker the night,
And by going wrong all things come right;
Things have been mended that were worse,
And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.
For the sake of the living and the dead,
Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed,
And all things come to a happy end."

O sun, that followest the night,
In yon blue sky, serene and pure,
And pourest thine impartial light
Alike on mountain and on moor,
Pause for a moment in thy course,
And bless the bridegroom and the bride!
O Gave, that from thy hidden source
In yon mysterious mountain-side
Pursuest thy wandering way alone,
And leaping down its steps of stone,
Along the meadow-lands demure
Stealest away to the Adour,
Pause for a moment in thy course
To bless the bridegroom and the bride!

The choir is singing the matin song,
The doors of the church are opened wide,
The people crowd, and press, and throng
To see the bridegroom and the bride.
They enter and pass along the nave;
They stand upon the father's grave;
The bells are ringing soft and slow;
The living above and the dead below
Give their blessing on one and twain;
The warm wind blows from the hills of Spain,
The birds are building, the leaves are green,
And Baron Castine of St. Castine
Hath come at last to his own again.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Orleans.

ORLEANS.

PUCELLE. Advance our waving colours on the walls!
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves: —
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

CHARLES. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next. —
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess! —

Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
REIGNIER. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
ALENÇON. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
CHAR. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, of Memphis, ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on St. Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

William Shakespeare.

Paris.

THE RIDE OF NOSTRADAMUS.

NOSTRADAMUS, wizard old, in his mantle fringed with gold,
Came to chide the wicked king;
Threw into his foolish lap Normandy's red cancelled map,
Told him of his woes the spring.
Ludovicos the Wicked spurned, as his beard he champed and churned,
The gold footstool at his feet;
Nostradamus, with a frown, broke in two the royal crown,
Crying, "Fool, thy fate is meet!"

Then the king with angry eyes, and a face of many dyes,
Lifted up his ivory rod;
Smote the old man, bent and weak, on his thin and withered cheek.
"Is our juggler turned a god?"
Nostradamus at the gates mounts his horse that champing waits, —
What a red scar on his face! —
Rides through Paris hot in anger, with an iron din and clangor,
Heaping curses on the place.

"Murrain and red blister-blight all thy burghers spot and bite!
Lightnings shrivel up the dead!
Hear me, beings of the air, wheresoever now ye fare, —
Melt the gold crown from his head!"
As the angry wizard spoke, witch-fogs rose as thick as smoke,
Drowning all the roofs and spires;
Through these mists like arrows passed, hot and eager, fierce and fast,
Lurid shafts of sudden fires.

This dark necromantic spell was, I 'm certain, heard in hell,
For an earthquake shook the street;
At the clatter of his hoofs spectres danced upon the roofs,
Voices answered deep and frequent underneath our trembling feet.
"Water-demons, livid blue, river rapids looking through,
Drive your corpses down the fords!
Mine and Salamander kings, with your fiery throbbing wings,
Smite with fevers as with swords!"

Tempests shook the double towers, where the bells proclaimed the hours
O'er the roofs of Notre Dame;
Shooting stars fell sheaf by sheaf, like the autumn's dropping leaf,
Raining as the darkness came.

Then the listening weathercocks, perched above the
turret clocks,
Clapped their golden wings and crowed;
Up the stone king on the bridge leaped from frozen
saddle-ridge,
Where for centuries he rode.

When the abbey door he past, spurring hot and fierce
and fast,
All the blood-red royal martyrs in the golden sheets
of glass
At the eastern window glared, — even Pontius Pilate
stared,
Seeing Nostradamus pass.
Withered bishop on his tomb, praying for the knell of
doom,
Rose erect, and slowly lifted crumbling grave-
clothes from his face;
Cross-legged old crusading knight sprang impatient for
the fight,
With the devil-army crowding to the Jewish battle-
place.

Though it was the midnight time, just as if at chilly
prime,
All the bells began to clash;
Every giant beat his mace on the well-worn hollow
place
With an anger mad and rash;
Every clock began to strike any hour it seemed to like,

All the wheels were on the buzz;
Every hand was on the move, every weight ran in its groove,
Fit to chafe the man of Uz.

As he passed the river-arch where the sentries freeze or parch,
All the silver fish stared there,
Looking up with wondering mouth, whether you gazed north or south,
Gaping for both speech and air.
As he threads the city gate, where the stone gods sit and wait,
Down they hurled their marble globes.
Have you seen — has any one — how the eighteen-pounders run? —
Thistle-down against his robes.

Watch-dogs' loud and frightened howls woke the eager-mousing owls
On the roof and in the tower;
Whizz! they flew in frightened rout, from the church-bells round about,
Where with hoots they count the hour.
With a shrieking yell and bark every hound awoke the dark,
Tugging fierce at kennel-chain;
Yellow-toothed and carrion rats woke the miller's sleeping cats
By their squeaking in the grain.

Splashing storms with bitter pelt on the barred-up windows melt,
Scaring sleeping citizen;
Nightmares, many-hoofed and red, trod and trampled on the bed
Of the beggar in his den,
Woke him by a dying scream from a cruel suffering dream:
Many naked rose to pray.
Comets with a crimson glare blazed across the troubled air,
Till the night was bright as day.

Ay! that very night there fell, long before the matin-bell,
Wrath and curses dire and dark;
Thunder, with its blasting boom, split the blessed martyr's tomb;
Lightnings splintered on St. Mark;
Fire ran fast along the ground, darkness dismally profound
Covered Paris, — pomp and pride;
Children, though unborn, might rue that dread curse that blighting flew; —
Curse not wizards when they ride!

But a year had passed away, just a year, — the very day
And the doom had come indeed:
Wicked Louis, gashed and red, lay upon his battle-bed,
Careless of his realms that bleed.

Now the moral of my tale: Let the wise man never fail
To respect a wizard's age,
Never pull his reverend hair, never mock him with a stare:
Dreadful is the wizard's rage.

Walter Thornbury.

SONG.

"Le rime n'est pas riche et le style en est vieux." — MOLIÈRE.

IF the king had given to me
Paris his great town,
And if I were forced to flee,
And leave my love alone;
To King Henry I would say:
Take your Paris back, I pray;
Better I love my love, O gay,
Better I love my love.

Old French Song. Tr. Anon.

PICTURES OF PARIS.

I.

AT FIVE IN THE MORNING.

NOW the darkness breaks,
Flight it slowly takes;
Now the morning wakes,
Roofs around to gild.

Now the day's in sight,
Lamps give paler light,
Houses grow more white;
Markets all are filled.

From La Vilette
Comes young Susette,
Her flowers to set
Upon the quay.
His donkey Pierre
Is driving near,
From Vincennes here
His fruit brings he.

Florists ope their eyes,
Oysterwomen rise,
Grocers, who are wise,
Start from bed at dawn;
Artisans now toil,
Poets paper soil,
Pedants eyesight spoil,
Idlers only yawn.

I see Javotte,
Who cries, "Carotte!"
And sells a lot
Of parsnips cheap.
Her voice so shrill
The air can fill,
And drown it will
The chimney-sweep.

Now the gamester 's seen;
With a haggard mien,
And his pocket clean,
Swearing, home he goes;
While the drunkard lies
On his path, more wise,
Making music rise
From his blushing nose.

In yonder house
They still carouse,
Change loving vows,
And sing and play.
Through all the night,
In sorry plight,
A wretched wight
Before it lay.

Now the patient rings,
Till the servant brings
Draughts and other things,
Such as doctors know;
While his lady fair
Feigns with modest air
(Love is lurking there!)
For a bath to go.

Love's pilgrims creep
With purpose deep,
And measured step
Where none can see;

The diligence
Is leaving France,
To seek Mayence
Or Italy.

"Dear papa, adieu,
Good by, mother, too,
And the same to you,
Every little one."
Now the horses neigh,
Now the whip 's in play,
Windows ring away,
Out of sight they 're gone.

In every place
New things I trace,
No empty place
Can now be found.
But great and small,
And short and tall,
Tag rag and all,
In crowds abound.

Ne'er the like has been;
Now they all begin
Such a grievous din,
They will split my head;
How I feel it ache
With the noise they make; —
Paris is awake,
So I 'll go to bed.

II.

AT FIVE IN THE AFTERNOON.

NOW the motley throng,
As it rolls along
With its torrents strong,
Seems to ebb away.
Business-time has past,
Dinner comes at last,
Cloths are spreading fast, —
Night succeeds to day.

Here woodcock fine,
I can divine,
On fowl some dine,
And turkey too.
While here a lot
Of cabbage hot
All in the pot
With beef they stew.

Now the parasite
Hastes with footstep light,
Where the fumes invite
Of a banquet rare.
Yonder wretch I see,
For a franc dines he,
But in debt he 'll be
For his sorry fare.

Hark, what a noise!
Sure every voice
Its force employs
To swell the sound.
Here softest strains
Tell lover's pains;
There proudly reigns
The drunken round.

Dinner's over, so
To cafés they go,
While their faces glow;
Then elate with wine
Yon gourmand so great
Falls, and with his weight
Crushes one, whom fate
Suffered not to dine.

The mocha steams,
The punch-bowl gleams
And perfume seems
To fill the air.
"Ice! ice!" they call,
And "Coffee" bawl,
"Could you at all
The paper spare?"

Journals they read o'er,
Liquors down they pour,
Or they sit before
Tables spread for play.

While with watchful eyes,
And with aspect wise,
Stands to criticise
The *habitué*.

There tragedy
They go to see,
Here comedy
Asserts her reign;
A juggler here,
A drama there,
Your purse would clear,
Nor sues in vain.

Now the lamps are bright,
Chandeliers alight,
Shops are quite a sight
While with wicked eye
Stands the little queen
Of the magazine,
And with roguish mien
Tempts the folks to buy.

A nook obscure
Will some allure,
Who there secure
May play their parts.
There thieves at will
Their pockets fill;
And lovers steal
The ladies' hearts.

Jeannot, and Claude, and Blaise,
Nicolas and Nicaise,
Who all five from Falaise
To Paris lately came;
Admire with upturned faces,
Fast rooted to their places,
Paillasse's strange grimaces,
Naught paying for the same.

Her labors done,
Her dress put on,
To dance has gone
The gay grisette.
Her grandma dear
And neighbor near,
Their souls will cheer
With cool piquette.

Now 't is ten o'clock,
Now against a rock,
With a heavy shock,
Three new plays have struck.
From the doors the mob
Rushes, — mind your fob, —
Gentlefolks who rob
Try just now their luck.

"St. Jean," I say,
"Quick, — no delay!
My cab this way!"
The livery all

With wine accursed
Could almost burst,
But still athirst,
From taverns crawl.

Carriages with pride
Take their lords inside,
Then away they glide
In a solemn row.
Cabs retreat of course,
While the drivers hoarse
Swear with all their force,
As they backwards go.

Hark! what a rout!
They push about,
And loudly shout,
"Take care, take care!"
Some hurry, yet
Are soon upset,
Across some get
And home repair.

Trade begins to drop,
Finding custom stop,
Tradesmen shut up shop;
Here 's a contrast strange!
Noisy thoroughfare,
Crowd-encumbered square,
To a desert bare
Now is doomed to change.

A form I see
Approaching me,
"Qui vive!" says he;
At once I shrink;
As he draws nigh
Away go I,
'T is best to fly
All scrapes, I think.

Now there 's naught in sight
Save the lamps' pale light, —
Scattered through the night,
Timidly they peep;
These too disappear,
Nothing far or near
But the breeze I hear, —
All are fast asleep.

Marc Antoine Madelaine Désaugiers.
Tr. John Oxenford.

PARIS.

THROUGH Paris lay my readiest course, and there
Sojourning a few days, I visited,
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame,
The latter chiefly; from the field of Mars
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony,
And from Mont Martyr southward to the Dome
Of Geneviève. In both her clamorous halls,
The national synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the revolutionary power
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms;

The arcades I traversed, in the palace huge
Of Orleans; coasted round and round the line
Of tavern, brothel, gaming-house, and shop,
Great rendezvous of worst and best, the walk
Of all who had a purpose, or had not;
I stared and listened, with a stranger's ears,
To hawkers and haranguers, hubbub wild!
And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes,
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not a look
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced to wear,
But seemed there present; and I scanned them all,
Watched every gesture uncontrollable,
Of anger and vexation and despite,
All side by side, and struggling face to face,
With gayety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust
Of the Bastille, I sat in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast; yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could not find,
Affecting more emotion than I felt;
For 't is most certain that these various sights,
However potent their first shock, with me
Appeared to recompense the traveller's pains
Less than the painted Magdalene of Le Brun,
A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and rueful cheek
Pale and bedropped with ever-flowing tears.

William Wordsworth.

PARIS AND TROY.

WHERE is Paris, the beautiful city?
Has it dissolved like a mirage wondrous, —
Its ladies bright and gallants witty,
Passed like an earthquake shock from under us?
Swept away by the onset thunderous
Of Teutons mad with the battle-joy?
Fate and time from beauty sunder us:
Where is the famous city Troy?

Where is Napoleon? Where each captain
Who rode in his steel-clad train but lately,
Every one rare visions rapt in
Of a France that loomed o'er Europe greatly,
Of a Gallic Empire, strong and stately, —
A baby-giant with war for a toy?
Where do those phantoms march sedately?
But where is Hector who fought for Troy?

Where are the ladies who roamed at large in
That sweet city, mid glee incessant,
Drinking wine of moist Marne margin
Under the soft moon's silver crescent,
With lively laughter effervescent,
And gay love-games that are loath to cloy?
Where is that ecstasy evanescent?
But where is Helen who loved in Troy?

Mortimer Collins.

THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

AT midnight, from his grave,
The drummer woke and rose,
And, beating loud the drum,
Forth on his errand goes.

Stirred by his fleshless arms,
The drumsticks rise and fall;
He beats the loud retreat,
Reveillé and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum,
So deep it echoes round,
Old soldiers in their graves
To life start at the sound.

Both they in farthest North,
Stiff in the ice that lay,
And who, too, warm repose
Beneath Italian clay,

Below the mud of Nile,
And 'neath the Arabian sand,
Their burial-place they quit,
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight from his grave
The trumpeter arose,

And, mounted on his horse,
A loud, shrill blast he blows.

On airy coursers then
The cavalry are seen,
Old squadrons, erst renowned,
Gory and gashed, I ween.

Beneath the casque their blanched skulls
Smile grim, and proud their air,
As in their bony hands
Their long, sharp swords they bare!

And at midnight from his tomb,
The chief awoke and rose,
And, followed by his staff,
With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,
A coat quite plain has he,
A little sword for arms
At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain the moon
A paly lustre threw;
The man with the little hat
The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms,
Deep rolls the drum the while;
Recovering then, the troops
Before the chief defile.

Captains and generals round
In circles formed appear;
The chief to the first a word
Now whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks,
Resounds along the line;
That word they give, is — France,
The answer — St. Hélène.

'T is there at midnight hour
The grand review, they say,
Is by dead Cæsar held,
In the Champs-Élysées.

Joseph Christian von Zedlitz. Tr. Anon.

THE TUILERIES.

LARGE, lofty, gorgeous, all that meets the eye,
Strong with the stamp of ancient majesty;
The impress which, so undefined, yet clear,
Tells that the former mighty have been here.
All looking hoary pomp; the walls rich scrolled,
The roof high flourished, arras stiff with gold,
In many a burning hue and broad festoon
Wreathing those casements, blazoned now with noon,
The marble tablets on their silver claws,
Loaded with nymph and grace and pix and vase.
Beside the mirror foot, the Indian screen
Dazzling the eye with dragons red and green;
The mighty mirror, brightening, doubling all,
In its deep crystal lit an endless hall.

George Croly.

ON THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.

I.

THE Attic temple whose majestic room
Contained the presence of Olympian Jove,
With smooth Hymettus round it and above,
Softening the splendor by a sober bloom,
Is yielding fast to Time's irreverent doom;
While on the then barbarian banks of Seine
That nobler type is realized again
In perfect form, and dedicate — to whom?
To a poor Syrian girl, of lowliest name,
A hapless creature, pitiful and frail
As ever wore her life in sin and shame,
Of whom all history has this single tale, —
"She loved the Christ, she wept beside his grave,
And He, for that Love's sake, all else forgave."

II.

If one, with prescient soul to understand
The working of this world beyond the day
Of his small life, had taken by the hand
That wanton daughter of old Magdala;
And told her that the time was ripe to come
When she, thus base among the base, should be
More served than all the gods of Greece and Rome,
More honored in her holy memory,
How would not men have mocked and she have scorned
The fond diviner? Plausible excuse

Had been for them, all moulded to one use
Of feeling and of thought, but we are warned
By such ensamples to distrust the sense
Of Custom proud and bold Experience.

III.

Thanks to that element of heavenly things,
That did come down to earth, and there confound
Most sacred thoughts with names of usual sound,
And homeliest life with all a poet sings,
The proud Ideas that had ruled and bound
Our moral nature were no longer kings,
Old Power grew faint and shed his eagle-wings,
And gray Philosophy was half uncrowned.
Love, Pleasure's child, betrothed himself to Pain;
Weakness, and poverty, and self-disdain,
And tranquil sufferance of repeated wrongs,
Became adorable; Fame gave her tongues,
And Faith her hearts to objects all as low
As this lorn child of infamy and woe.

Lord Houghton.

THE GARDEN OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

IN the Palais Royal by moonlight,
Watching the fountains play,
Are a thousand ghostly shadows
Of those who are passed away.
Shadows of beauty and splendor,
Flitting from *salle* to *salle;*

Sweetest of all among them,
Marie Thérèse de Lamballe!

Yet there is not a place in Paris
Where it seems less wise to dream,
Than here, where the people gather
And flow in an endless stream;
Full of their follies and pleasures,
Full of the last new thing,
Under the close-cropped lindens,
Blossoming every spring.

But for me the Palais Royal
Is full of the days gone by,
And the flash of the silver fountains
Is a murmur blent with a sigh;

And the steps of the people passing
Are as if they came to me
From the far, unearthly distance
Of a bygone century!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

IN Paris all looked hot and like to fade;
Brown, in the garden of the Tuileries,
Brown with September, drooped the chestnut-trees.
'T was dawn; a brougham rolled through the streets, and made
Halt at the white and silent colonnade
Of the French Theatre. Worn with disease,

Rachel, with eyes no gazing can appease,
Sate in the brougham, and those blank walls surveyed.
She follows the gay world, whose swarms have fled
To Switzerland, to Baden, to the Rhine;
Why stops she by this empty play-house drear?
Ah, where the spirit its highest life hath led,
All spots, matched with that spot, are less divine;
And Rachel's Switzerland, her Rhine, is here!

Matthew Arnold.

THE MORGUE.

NO, for I 'll save it! Seven years since,
I passed through Paris, stopped a day
To see the baptism of your Prince;
Saw, made my bow, and went my way:
Walking the heat and headache off,
I took the Seine-side, you surmise,
Thought of the Congress, Gortschakoff,
Cavour's appeal and Buol's replies,
So sauntered till — what met my eyes?

Only the Doric little Morgue!
The dead-house where you show your drowned:
Petrarch's Vaucluse makes proud the Sorgue,
Your Morgue has made the Seine renowned.
One pays one's debt in such a case;
I plucked up heart and entered, — stalked,
Keeping a tolerable face
Compared with some whose cheeks were chalked:
Let them! No Briton 's to be balked!

First came the silent gazers; next,
A screen of glass, we 're thankful for;
Last, the sight's self, the sermon's text,
The three men who did most abhor
Their life in Paris yesterday,
So killed themselves: and now, enthroned
Each on his copper couch, they lay
Fronting me, waiting to be owned.
I thought, and think, their sin 's atoned.

Poor men, God made, and all for that!
The reverence struck me; o'er each head
Religiously was hung its hat,
Each coat dripped by the owner's bed,
Sacred from touch: each had his berth,
His bounds, his proper place of rest,
Who last night tenanted on earth
Some arch, where twelve such slept abreast, —
Unless the plain asphalte seemed best.

How did it happen, my poor boy?
You wanted to be Buonaparte
And have the Tuileries for toy,
And could not, so it broke your heart?
You, old one by his side, I judge,
Were, red as blood, a socialist,
A leveller! Does the Empire grudge
You 've gained what no Republic missed?
Be quiet, and unclench your fist!

And this, — why, he was red in vain,
Or black, — poor fellow that is blue!

What fancy was it turned your brain?
O, women were the prize for you!
Money gets women, cards and dice
Get money, and ill-luck gets just
The copper couch and one clear nice
Cool squirt of water o'er your bust,
The right thing to extinguish lust!

It 's wiser being good than bad;
It 's safer being meek than fierce:
It 's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

Robert Browning.

THE BASTILLE.

A DAY of driving sleet, with hail and rain
That hissed and splashed, and sprayed against the walls,
Urged by the eastern wind, that, wolf-like, howled
Along the leaden ledges of the roof,
Or screamed through loopholes of the masonry,
Or hoarsely rumbled in the sooty throats.
(Cimmerian) — of the chimneys of the keep,
Rattling the vexed and rusty vanes about,
That veered and creaked, and creaked and veered again

A most tempestuous whirl (and icy chill),
Where groans and shrieks and sobbing airs and moans
Prevailed, according to the fantasy
That drave the wild and whistling storm along.
The dark foundations of the Bastille walls
Were banked with lengthy, crisp, white, sloping drifts
Of hailstones multitudinous, that lay
Thick as the pebbles on a moonlit beach,
That binds itself a silvern sandal on,
To grace the foot some towering cliff has given,
In queenly form, to subject waves to kiss.
Crowded together close, the starlings crept
For mutual shelter 'neath the leeward wall,
With tiny plumes awry, or else on end,
While 'neath the blind-arch of a Seine-washed bridge
Some wretched outcast from the storm would cower,
With chin on knees, and icy fingers thrust
Deep in his ragged bosom, seeking warmth;
And in the crowded faubourg girls would creep
To bed in wet and windy garret-nooks,
Where drops the rain upon the wretched floor
In sullen plashes, or else fiercely stabs
With icy needles into shivering flesh,
And these in their storm-broken slumbers dream
Of folks that sit with heavy shutters barred,
And thick warm curtains drawn, and fires ablaze,
And children playing round them; where the hours
Glide gayly on, with lighted lamps and song.
This side the dream, — the real was wretchedness,
The skin upon the body crept, each hair
Was stiffened to a spine, and nature's life

Shrank back within itself, and feigned to die,
As the anemone in ocean depths
Draws in its tender arms, and hides itself
Within itself, till dread or danger 's past.

George Gordon McCrae.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

THE night is come, no fears disturb
The dreams of innocence;
They trust in kingly faith and kingly oaths,
They sleep, — alas! they sleep.

Go to the palace wouldst thou know
How hideous night can be;
Eye is not closed in those accursed walls,
Nor heart at quiet there.

The monarch from the window leans,
He listens to the night,
And with a horrible and eager hope
Awaits the midnight bell.

O, he has hell within him now!
God, always art thou just!
For innocence can never know such pangs
As pierce successful guilt.

He looks abroad and all is still.
Hark! — now the midnight bell

Sounds through the silence of the night alone;
And now the signal gun!

Thy hand is on him, righteous God!
He hears the frantic shriek,
He hears the glorying yells of massacre,
And he repents too late.

He hears the murderer's savage shout,
He hears the groan of death;
In vain they fly, — soldiers defenceless now,
Women, old men, and babes.

Righteous and just art thou, O God!
For at his dying hour
Those shrieks and groans re-echoed in his ear,
He heard that murderous yell!

They thronged around his midnight couch,
The phantoms of the slain, —
It preyed like poison on his powers of life, —
Righteous art thou, O God!

Spirits who suffered at that hour
For freedom and for faith,
Ye saw your country bent beneath the yoke,
Her faith and freedom crushed.

And like a giant from his sleep
Ye saw when France awoke;
Ye saw the people burst their double chain,
And ye had joy in heaven.

Robert Southey.

ODE TO THE COLUMN OF NAPOLEON.

ON the foundation that his glory laid,
With indestructible materials made,
Alike secure from ruin and from rust,
Before whose might all monuments are dust,
The eternal Column, towering far on high,
Presents Napoleon's throne unto the sky.

Well deemed the hero, when his sovereign hand,
Fatigued with war, the lasting trophy planned,
That civil discord would retire in shame
Before the vast memorial of his name;
And that the nation would forget to praise
The deeds of those who shone in ancient days.

Around the earth his veterans he had led,
O'er smoking fields encumbered with the dead,
And from the presence of that host so true
Armies and kings in wild confusion flew,
Leaving their ponderous cannon on the plain, —
A prey to him and his victorious train!

Then, when the fields of France again were trod
By him who came triumphant as a god,
Bearing the spoils of the defeated world, —
He came mid joyous cries and flags unfurled,
Welcome as eagle to her infant brood
That waits on mountain-top its daily food!

But he, intent on his stupendous aims,
Straightway proceeds to where the furnace flames;
And while his troops, with haste and zealous glow,
The massive ordnance in the caldron throw,
He to the meanest artisan unfolds
His plans to form the fashion of the moulds.

Then to the war he led his troops once more,
And from the foe the palm of conquest bore; —
He drove the opponent armies from the plain,
And seized their dread artillery again,
As good material for the Column high,
Built to perpetuate his memory!

Such was his task! The roaring culverin,
The spur, the sabre, and the mortar's din, —
These were his earliest sports till Egypt gave
Her ancient Pyramids his smile to save;
Then, when the imperial crown adorned his brow,
He raised the monument we reverence now!

He raised that monument! The grandest age
Which e'er the historian's annals might engage
Furnished the subject, and the end of time
Shall boast that emblem of his course sublime,
Where Rhine and Tiber rolled in crimson flood,
And the tall snow-capped Alps all trembling stood!

For even as the giant race of old
Ossa on Pelion, mount on mountain, rolled,
To scale high heaven's towers, so he has made
His battles serve to help his escalade;

And thus to gratify his fancy wild,
Wagram, Arcole, on Austerlitz were piled!

The sun unveiled himself in beauty bright,
The eyes of all beamed gladness and delight,
When, with unruffled visage, thou didst come,
Hero of France! unto the Place Vendôme
To mark thy Column towering from the ground,
And the four eagles ranged the base around.

'T was then, environed by thy warriors tried,
As erst the Romans flocked to Æmilius' side, —
'T was then each child — each infant, on whose head
Six summers scarcely had their radiance shed —
Murmured applause, and clapped their little hands,
And spied their fathers midst thy serried bands.

O, when thou stoodst there, godlike, proud, and great,
Pondering on conquest, majesty, and state,
Who would have thought that e'er the time could be
When a base senate should dishonor thee,
And cavil o'er thine ashes, for Vendôme
At least is worthy to become thy tomb!

Victor Hugo. Tr. George W. M. Reynolds.

THE COLUMN OF JULY.

STRANGE Old-World tale! — we know the Bastille fell
Ages ago. We 've stood upon its site,
And, gazing heavenward, through the silver mists

Of falling stars infinitesimal,
That slowly hovered toward the earth and formed
In dreamy atmospheres that painters love
The soft embodiment of morning air,
Saw thy sky-piercing column. O July!
A tall and stately shaft with classic scrolls
Wrought on its antique capital where stands
Poised airily a-tiptoe on one foot,
That scarcely presses on the golden globe;
A mighty-winged divinity!
Not crowned with petasus, nor bound about
As to his ankles with talares swift,
Nor sceptred with caduceus, — serpent-twined,
Borne gayly out arm's-length, and held on high,
The wingéd symbol of ethereal sway,
But grasping in one hand a torch, whose flame
Flares back upon him as he seems to fly,
Through realms of air above distracted worlds,
And in the other a great broken chain,
An outwrenched bolt, and fetter-lock therewith.
We, viewing thus the golden god aloft
(Our thoughts reverting to the olden days),
Cried out, with sudden impulse, as we gazed, —
Eidolon! sprung from Liberty and Light!
Poised in thy beauty o'er the vaults of doom;
Time was, ere thy bright presence bathed the "Place"
In borrowed sunshine, when the Bastille towers
Frowned on the passer-by; and silence reigned
Supremely sad, save where the night-bird cries
Of sentinels beat back the crowding air;
Or where the booming clock, with sullen tones,

Proclaimed the lapse, the wane, the death of hours;
Or where the low cadenzas of a lute,
Borne through a loop-hole's gush of whirling wind,
And mingled with strange murmurs, tranced the ear,
Saddening all souls that felt the harmony.
Too late! too late thy brandished blazing torch
Flamed like a glory through those darkened cells;
Too late the might of thine herculean arm
Wrested, O golden angel! from those doors
The bolts and staples, hinges, massy chains,
Setting the captives free, mid warlike din,
And voices of a populace that roared,
"Down with the Bastille! Over with it! Down!"
Another angel, with a sadder face,
Descended like a dart, still angel-like,
Through clouds of air, stout roofs, and floors of stone,
Into the masked one's cell, and sate with him.
Looked the unutterable mystery
Into the weary eyes that followed his,
Content to be absorbed; then vanishing,
Fled out into the night, — and not alone.

George Gordon McCrae.

RUE NEUVE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is, —
The New Street of the Little Fields;

And here 's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is,
A sort of soup or broth or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace;
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 't is;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling, red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace:
He 'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter; nothing 's changed or older.
"How 's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder:
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest Terré 's run his race?"
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"O, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
"Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one." "That I can, sir;
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So Terré 's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustomed corner-place;
"He 's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,
I 'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty, —
I 'll pledge them in the good old wine.

The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There 's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There 's laughing Tom is laughing yet!
There 's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There 's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that 's gone,
When here I 'd sit, as now I 'm sitting,
In this same place — but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me —
There 's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is. —
Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

William Makepeace Thackeray.

RUE DE SEINE.

LA GRISETTE.

AH, Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had passed,
I said, "We meet again,"
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak;
Their gentler sighs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek;
The trailing of thy long, loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain, —
All, all returned, more sweet, more fair;
O, had we met again!

I walked where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watched where Genevieve was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low soft voices prayed;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and wave were calm,
And flamed in thousand-tinted light
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wandered through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Père-la-Chaise!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE CANAL ST. MARTIN.

COME, sons of the Canal, and join me in my strain,
From Paris to Pantin, — to Paris back again.
Long live the Canal St. Martin!
The joyous young gamin,
The cosey citaden,
All bless the Canal St. Martin.

There laundresses and bargemen loud,
There débardeurs and colliers black,

About the waters ever crowd,
And none employment ever lack.
Here full an hundred trades can gain
Far better bread than on the Seine;
And 't is to our Canal we know
Our cups of sparkling wine we owe.
Come, sons of the Canal, etc.

There anglers, catching naught, are seen,
Whose hopes no disappointments dash;
Thither proceeds with solemn mien
The stout bourgeois his dog to wash.
Though warning notices appear,
From its foundation, it is clear,
A swimming school was our Canal
For training dogs in general.
Come, sons of the Canal, etc.

The tradesmen who in liquor deal,
Of our Canal good use can make;
And when they mean their casks to fill
They oft its water freely take.
By this device they render less
The ills that spring from drunkenness;
For harmless is the wine, you 'll own,
From vines that in canals are grown.
Come, sons of the Canal, etc.

But now it 's getting rather dark,
And just along the lone bankside
Methinks there is a signal: hark!
And there I see a shadow glide.

There 's not a star, the sky is black,
So homewards, friend, should be your track.
Decked with her veil the moon is seen,
And thieves will soon their trade begin.
Each prudent citadin will cherish wholesome fears,
From midnight till the hour when daylight first appears,
Of this same Canal St. Martin;
From Paris to Pantin,
Thou worthy citadin,
O, dread the Canal St. Martin.

Depuety et Cormon. Tr. John Oxenford.

Passy.

PASSY.

PARIS, adieu! I issue from thy walls:
A nook to rest in is at Passy mine.
Thy son escapes thy tax on funerals,
And duty-free can sip his modest wine.
Here, in oblivion to be wrapped erelong,
Exempt from storms, may age upon me creep;
And, lulled by dying echoes of my song,
Birdlike, amidst the foliage may I sleep!

Pierre-Jean de Béranger. Tr. William Young.

Père la Chaise.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

I STOOD amid the dwellings of the dead,
And saw the gayest city of the earth
Spread out beneath me. Cloud and sunlight lay
Upon her palaces and gilded domes,
In slumbrous beauty. Through the streets flowed on,
In ceaseless stream, gay equipage and throng,
As fashion led the way. Look up! look up!
Mont Louis hath a beacon. Wheresoe'er
Ye seem to tend, so lightly dancing on
In your enchanted maze, a secret spell
Is on your footsteps, and unseen they haste
Where ye would not, and whence ye ne'er return.
Blind pilgrims are we all! We close our eyes
On the swift torrent that o'erwhelms our race,
And in our spanlike path the goal forget,
Until the shadows lengthen, and we sink
To rise no more.
Methinks the monster Death
Wears not such visage here, so grim and gaunt
With terror, as he shows in other lands.
Robing himself in sentiment, he wraps
His dreary trophies in a maze of flowers,
And makes his tombs like temples, or a home
So sweet to love, that grief doth fleet away.
I saw a mother mourning. The fair tomb

Was like a little chapel, hung with wreath
And crucifix. And there she spread the toys
That her lost babe had loved, as if she found
A solace in the memory of its sports.
Tears flowed like pearl-drops, yet without the pang
That wrings and rends the heart-strings. It would seem
A tender sorrow, scarce of anguish born,
So much the influence of surrounding charms
Did mitigate it.

Mid the various groups
That visited the dead, I marked the form
Of a young female winding through the shades.
Just at that point she seemed where childhood melts
But half away, like snows that feel the sun,
Yet, shrinking closer to their shaded nook,
Delay to swell the sparkling stream of youth.
She had put off her sabots at the gate,
Heavy with clay, and to a new-made grave
Hasted alone. Upon its wooden cross
She placed her chaplet, and with whispering lips,
Perchance in prayer, perchance in converse low
With the loved slumberer, knelt, and strewed the seeds
Of flowers among the mould. A shining mass
Of raven tresses 'scaped amid the toil
From their accustomed boundary; but her eyes,
None saw them, for she heeded not the tread
Of passers-by. Her business was with those
Who slept below. 'T would seem a quiet grief,
And yet absorbing; such as a young heart
Might for a sister feel, ere it had learned
A deeper love.

Come to yon stately dome,
With arch and turret, every shapely stone
Breathing the legends of the Paraclete,
Where slumber Abelard and Heloise,
'Neath such a world of wreaths, that scarce ye see
Their marble forms recumbent, side by side.
On! on! this populous spot hath many a fane,
To win the stranger's admiration. See
La Fontaine's fox-crowned cenotaph; and his
Whose "Mécanique Celeste" hath writ his name
Among the stars; and hers who, soaring high
In silken globe, found a strange death by fire
Amid the clouds.
The dead of distant lands
Are gathered here. In pomp of sculpture sleeps
The Russian Demidoff, and Britain's sons
Have crossed the foaming sea, to leave their dust
In a strange soil. Yea, from my own far land
They 've wandered here, to die. Were there not graves
Enough among our forests, by the marge
Of our broad streams, amid the hallowed mounds
Of early kindred, that ye needs must come
This weary way, to share the strangers' bed,
My people? I could weep to find ye here!
And yet your names are sweet, the words ye grave,
In the loved language of mine infancy,
Most pleasant to the eye, involved so long
Mid foreign idioms.
Yonder height doth boast
The warrior-chiefs, who led their legions on
To sack and siege; whose flying tramp disturbed
The Cossack in his hut, the Alpine birds,

Who build above the cloud, and Egypt's slaves,
Crouching beneath their sky-crowned pyramids.
How silent are they all! No warning trump
Amid their host! No steed! No footstep stirs
Of those who rushed to battle! Haughtily
The aspiring marble tells each pausing group
Their vaunted fame. O shades of mighty men!
Went these proud honors with you, where the spear
And shield resound no more? Cleaves the blood-stain
Around ye there? Steal the deep-echoing groans
Of those who fell, the cry of those who mourned,
Across the abyss that bars you from our sight,
Waking remorseful pangs?
We may not ask
With hope of answer. But the time speeds on,
When all shall know.
There is the lowly haunt
Where rest the poor. No towering obelisk
Beareth their name. No blazoned tablet tells
Their joys or sorrows. Yet 't is sweet to muse
Around their pillow of repose, and think
That Nature mourns their loss, though man forget.
The lime-tree and acacia, side by side,
Spring up, in haste to do their kindly deed
Of sheltering sympathy, as though they knew
Their time was short.
Sweet Nature ne'er forgets
Her buried sons, but cheers their summer-couch
With turf and dewdrops, bidding autumn's hand
Drop lingering garlands of its latest leaves,
And glorious spring from wintry thraldom burst,
To bring their type of Immortality.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

THOUGHTS AT THE GRAVE OF ELOISA AND ABELARD, IN PÈRE LA CHAISE.

FAIR saint of passion, placidly reclining,
Thy glowing breast contained in marble death,
While Love's soft planet on thy brow is shining,
A sister heart to thine would lend its breath.

'T is with a thrill of joy I see beside thee
The form that might not pass the convent grate,
And gather that the happiness denied thee
On earth makes blessed thine immortal state.

Not as Love's votary do I invoke thee,
Nor as the glorious sibyl of despair;
But as the nun, when deeper voices woke thee
From thy wild fever-dream to toil and prayer.

* * * * *

And here begins to mine thy spirit's mission:
How fared it with thee, in thy cloister cell?
Did heaven console thee with its dreams elysian,
Or felt thy plundered heart the flames of hell?

When thy first force of agony went from thee,
And left thee stunned and swooning, faint and dull,
How did thy garb of holiness become thee?
Was it ennobling? was it weariful?

The saints who were thy refuge, grew they vengeful,
Or smiled they mournfully on thy retreat?

Hadst thou repose after a fate so changeful?
Did God's dear love make expiation sweet?

Say, did that soul of temper so elastic,
Like a bent bow, of its own tension break;
Or did the chaos of thy thoughts grow plastic,
And from the hand divine new moulding take?

For it was long, — through many a tedious morrow
Thy wildered mind its task austere pursued,
Scourged on by conscience, driven back by sorrow,
A Queen of Phantoms, ruling solitude.

Julia Ward Howe.

IN PÈRE LA CHAISE.

AN avenue of tombs! I stand before
The tomb of Abelard and Eloise.
A long, a dark bent line of cypress-trees
Leads past and on to other shrines; but o'er
This tomb the boughs hang darkest and most dense,
Like leaning mourners clad in black. The sense
Of awe oppresses you. This solitude
Means more than common sorrow. Down the wood
Still lovers pass, then pause, then turn again,
And weep like silent, unobtrusive rain.

'T is but a simple, antique tomb that kneels
As one that weeps above the broken clay.
'T is stained with storms, 't is eaten well away,
Nor half the old-new story now reveals

Of heart that held beyond the tomb to heart.
But O, it tells of love! And that true page
Is more to me in this commercial age,
When love is calmly counted some lost art,
Than all man's mighty monuments of war
Or archives vast of art and science are.

Here poets pause and dream a listless hour,
Here silly pilgrims stoop and kiss the clay,
Here sweetest maidens leave a cross or flower,
While vandals bear the tomb in bits away.
The ancient stone is scarred with name and scrawl
Of many tender fools. But over all
And high above all other scrawls is writ
One simple thing, most touching and most fit.
Some pitying soul has tiptoed high above,
And with a nail has scrawled but this: "O Love!"

O Love! — I turn; I climb the hill of tombs,
Where sleeps the "bravest of the brave," below
His bed of scarlet blooms in zone of snow;
No cross or sign save this red bed of blooms.
I see grand tombs to France's lesser dead;
Colossal steeds, white pyramids, still red
At base with blood, still torn with shot and shell,
To testify that here the Commune fell;
And yet I turn once more from all of these,
And stand before the tomb of Eloise.

Joaquin Miller.

Péronne.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

O SCENES where Hope my playmate was of yore!
At more than fifty you again I hail:
Tokens of childhood can our youth restore,
As life feels freshened by spring's balmy gale.

Hail to you, hail! friends of my youthful age;
Hail, kindred, whom my grateful love hath blest:
Thanks to your kindness, in the tempest's rage,
Poor little bird, 't was here I found a nest.

The narrow prison would I see again,
Where, whilst his niece in budding beauty grew,
The old schoolmaster o'er us used to reign,
And proudly teach us more than e'er he knew.

Here, more than once, apprentice was I made;
Ever, alas! to idle ways I turned;
But when they taught me the great Franklin's trade,
I deemed that I a sage's name had earned.

'T was at that age when Friendship purely grows, —
Soil that a morning full of hope makes green:
Thence springs a tree that oft till evening's close
Yields, as we march, a staff on which to lean.

O scenes where Hope my playmate was of yore!
At more than fifty you again I hail:

Tokens of childhood can our youth restore,
As life feels freshened by spring's balmy gale.

'T was in these walls that on disastrous days
To me the roar of hostile cannon came.
Here hath my voice, attuned to festal lays,
Been heard full oft to lisp my country's name.

Here of my sabots was the weight forgot
By dreaming soul, that soared on dove-like wings;
To feel Heaven's thunderbolt was here my lot,
That made me heed but little that of kings!

Beneath this humble roof my Reason woke,
'Gainst Fate to arm herself, returning here
To laugh at Glory, wreath of transient smoke,
That to our eyes, like smoke, doth bring the tear.

Kindred and friends, who my life's dawn did greet,
Objects of love, that time but knitteth stronger,
Yes, yes, my cradle still to me seems sweet,
Though she who rocked it rocks it now no longer.

O scenes where Hope my playmate was of yore!
At more than fifty you again I hail:
Tokens of childhood can our youth restore,
As life feels freshened by spring's balmy gale.

Pierre-Jean de Béranger. Tr. William Young.

Plessis-les-Tours.

LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

It is said that this king, in retirement at Plessis-les-Tours with Tristan, the confidant and the instrument of his cruelties, would sometimes gaze upon the peasants dancing before the windows of his castle.

HAPPY villagers, dance around!
Lads and lasses, gayly bound!
Rejoice, rejoice,
O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound!

Our old King Louis, hidden in these towers,
Whose name we scarcely dare to breathe aloud,
Would try at times, when spring puts forth fresh flowers,
If he can smile upon our festive crowd.
Happy villagers, dance around!
Lads and lasses, gayly bound!
Rejoice, rejoice,
O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound!

Whilst on our banks we laugh and sing and love,
Stern Louis keeps himself a prisoner there:
He fears the high, the low, nay, God above;
But beyond all he fears his hapless heir.
Happy villagers, dance around!
Lads and lasses, gayly bound!
Rejoice, rejoice,

O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound!

See hence, a hundred halberds strike the eye,
Beneath our sunny heaven, so soft and clear!
And whilst the guards their watchful challenge cry,
Grates not the clang of bolts upon thine ear?
Happy villagers, dance around!
Lads and lasses, gayly bound!
Rejoice, rejoice,
O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound!

He comes! he comes! The peace of humblest cot
This king, alas! with envy might regard.
Like some sepulchral phantom, see'st thou not
His form, behind those windows thickly barred?
Happy villagers, dance around!
Lads and lasses, gayly bound!
Rejoice, rejoice,
O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound!

How, in our cots, the monarch's form would stand,
Imaged before us with attractions rare!
What! for the sceptre a weak, trembling hand!
What! for the crown a brow opprest with care!
Happy villagers, dance around!
Lads and lasses, gayly bound!
Rejoice, rejoice,
O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound!

He quakes, he shivers; all in vain we sing:
'T is but the clock that sounds the passing hour;
Yet ever thus 't is taken by our king
For the alarum from his signal-tower.
Happy villagers, dance around!
Lads and lasses, gayly bound!
Rejoice, rejoice,
O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound!

Ha! with his favorite, look! he glides away;
Alas! our joy can ne'er his gloom beguile!
Fearing his hate, "Our Sire," 't were well to say,
"Hath on his children kindly deigned to smile."
Happy villagers, dance around!
Lads and lasses, gayly bound!
Rejoice, rejoice,
O pipe and voice,
In a mingled, merry sound!

Pierre-Jean de Béranger. Tr. William Young.

Ploërmel.

THE CURÉ OF PLOËRMEL.

JUST ere the stroke of midnight fell,
The ancient priest of Ploërmel
Sat by his fire one Christmas night.
Still as the grave the frosty air, —

His lips were murmuring a prayer,
The while his heart was softly moved
With thoughts of many a youth he loved
In college days, at peaceful Vannes,
Beside the Sea of Morbihan.
Now some were old and far away,
And some had spent their little day
In wondrous Paris on the Seine;
And some amidst the stormy main
Which sweeps round Brittany were lost;
Thinking of such, his brow he crossed,
And bowed the head whose locks were white.
Sudden, amidst the hush profound,
The far faint echo of a sound,
Stole to his ear; 't was such as springs
From the slow beat of countless wings,
Or rustle of a multitude
That softly pace a moss-grown wood.
Noiseless he crossed his earthen floor,
And looked into the silvery light
Along the road which passed his door,
And saw — a strange and awful sight!
Far as his aged eyes could reach,
With sound of neither tread nor speech,
Stretched the long files of gray and white.
All silent in the moonshine went
Each cloaked and hooded penitent,
Bearing a torch which burnt upright.
The trembling Curé made the Sign,
Each phantom bent in grave incline,
As when that wind of summer sweet

Bows all the rippling ranks of wheat!
The foremost, as he passed the door,
Motioned the Curé on before,
Who mute obeyed; some ghostly spell
Moved the good priest of Ploërmel.
And so the mighty multitude,
Across the moor and through the wood,
Followed, yet guided him, until
His feet by that same spell stood still
Before the open porch, which yet
In a long roofless wall was set.
The ruined church was one which long
Had only heard the night bird's song,
But still the altar-steps were there,
And a wild rose in festoons fair
Graced it in summer; now the fern
And ivy draped it in their turn.
Then all that mighty multitude
Within the vast enclosure stood,
The moonlight on their garments shone,
And still their torches burned; whilst one
Mounted the mossy steps, and took
Stained vestments and an ancient book,
And old chased chalice from the stone.
With silent awe the saintly priest
Robed for the wonted Christmas feast;
And every shrouded penitent,
On humble knees devoutly bent.
One served the Mass, and all intent
Responded with the mystic tone
Of winds and waves together blent.

But when he raised the sacred Host
The vague, uncertain tone was lost
In sweetest music of the upper spheres;
And when the Curé raised his hand and blest
The kneeling flock, with *Ite, missa est,*
The shrouded penitents were seen to softly rise
Like a white shining cloud to his astonished eyes;
And ere the last sweet gospel words were done,
The nave was empty, — the good priest alone
Invoked the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
While from the distant skies a heavenly host
Of souls, set free from purgatorial pain,
Sang, as they took their flight, the sweet refrain,
"Hath been, is now, and evermore shall be,
World without end! Amen!"

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

Poissy.

ON THE BRIDGE AT POISSY.

THE nightingales were singing
At Poissy on the Seine,
As I leant above the river,
Flooded high with summer rain.
Dear is that royal river;
With ceaseless, noiseless flow,
Past the gray towers of Paris
From the woods of Fontainebleau!

The nightingales were singing
In the rosy sunset air;
The silver chimes were ringing,
"Christians, come to prayer!"
And I thought the invitation
Uttered ever, eve and morn,
Was the voice of good St. Louis
In the town where he was born!

As I leant above the river,
Musing softly all alone,
The bells and birds together
Seemed blended into one;
The rapturous thrill of nature,
So soulless, yet so fair,
Borne up upon the wingéd chimes,
"Christians, come to prayer!"

Fair is the Seine at Poissy,
With its islets crowned by trees,
Fringed by spires of lofty poplars
Trembling in the summer breeze.
Fair is the antique city,
And its church is white as snow;
Built and blessed by good St. Louis,
Built and blessed so long ago!

Louis, being dead, yet liveth
By the waters of the Seine;
Where he trod, his kingdom blossomed;
Where he built, his stones remain;

Where he knelt, his pious accents
Linger softly on the air.
Join, sweet birds, your invitation!
"Christians, come to prayer!"

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

Pornic.

GOLD HAIR.

O THE beautiful girl, too white,
Who lived at Pornic, down by the sea,
Just where the sea and the Loire unite!
And a boasted name in Brittany
She bore, which I will not write.

Too white, for the flower of life is red;
Her flesh was the soft, seraphic screen
Of a soul that is meant (her parents said)
To just see earth, and hardly be seen,
And blossom in heaven instead.

Yet earth saw one thing, one how fair!
One grace that grew to its full on earth:
Smiles might be sparse on her cheek so spare,
And her waist want half a girdle's girth,
But she had her great gold hair.

Hair, such a wonder of flix and floss,
Freshness and fragrance, — floods of it, too!

Gold, did I say? Nay, gold 's mere dross:
Here, Life smiled, "Think what I meant to do!"
And Love sighed, "Fancy my loss!"

So, when she died, it was scarce more strange
Than that, when some delicate evening dies,
And you follow its spent sun's pallid range,
There 's a shoot of color startles the skies
With sudden, violent change, —

That, while the breath was nearly to seek,
As they put the little cross to her lips,
She changed; a spot came out on her cheek,
A spark from her eye in mid-eclipse,
And she broke forth, "I must speak!"

"Not my hair!" made the girl her moan, —
"All the rest is gone or to go;
But the last, last grace, my all, my own,
Let it stay in the grave, that the ghosts may know!
Leave my poor gold hair alone!"

The passion thus vented, dead lay she;
Her parents sobbed their worst on that,
All friends joined in, nor observed degree:
For indeed the hair was to wonder at,
As it spread — not flowing free,

But curled around her brow, like a crown,
And coiled beside her cheeks, like a cap,
And calmed about her neck — ay, down

To her breast, pressed flat, without a gap
I' the gold, it reached her gown.

All kissed that face, like a silver wedge
Mid the yellow wealth, nor disturbed its hair;
E'en the priest allowed death's privilege,
As he planted the crucifix with care
On her breast, 'twixt edge and edge.

And thus was she buried, inviolate
Of body and soul, in the very space
By the altar; keeping saintly state
In Pornic church, for her pride of race,
Pure life, and piteous fate.

And in after-time would your fresh tear fall,
Though your mouth might twitch with a dubious smile,
As they told you of gold both robe and pall,
How she prayed them leave it alone awhile,
So it never was touched at all.

Years flew; this legend grew at last
The life of the lady; all she had done,
All been, in the memories fading fast
Of lover and friend, was summed in one
Sentence survivors passed:

To wit, she was meant for heaven, not earth;
Had turned an angel before the time:
Yet, since she was mortal, in such dearth

Of frailty, all you could count a crime
Was — she knew her gold hair's worth.

At little pleasant Pornic church,
It chanced, the pavement wanted repair,
Was taken to pieces: left in the lurch,
A certain sacred space lay bare,
And the boys began research.

'T was the space where our sires would lay a saint,
A benefactor, — a bishop, suppose;
A baron with armor-adornments quaint;
A dame with chased ring and jewelled rose,
Things sanctity saves from taint:

So we come to find them in after-days,
When the corpse is presumed to have done with gauds
Of use to the living, in many ways;
For the boys get pelf, and the town applauds,
And the church deserves the praise.

They grubbed with a will: and at length — *O cor Humanum, pectora cæca,* and the rest! —
They found — no gauds they were prying for,
No ring, no rose, but — who would have guessed? —
A double Louis-d'or!

Here was a case for the priest: he heard,
Marked, inwardly digested, laid

Finger on nose, smiled, "A little bird
  Chirps in my ear"; then, "Bring a spade,
Dig deeper!" — he gave the word.

And lo! when they came to the coffin-lid,
  Or the rotten planks which composed it once,
Why, there lay the girl's skull wedged amid
  A mint of money, it served for the nonce
To hold in its hair-heaps hid.

Louis-d'ors, some six times five;
  And duly double, every piece.
Now, do you see? With the priest to shrive,
  With parents preventing her soul's release
By kisses that keep alive, —

With Heaven's gold gates about to ope,
  With friends' praise, gold-like, lingering still,
What instinct had bidden the girl's hand grope
  For gold, the true sort — "Gold in Heaven, I hope;
But I keep earth's, if God will!"

Enough! The priest took the grave's grim yield;
  The parents, they eyed that price of sin
As if thirty pieces lay revealed
  On the place to bury strangers in,
The hideous Potter's Field.

But the priest bethought him: "'Milk that's spilt' —
  You know the adage! Watch and pray!

Saints tumble to earth with so slight a tilt!
It would build a new altar; that, we may!"
And the altar therewith was built.

Why I deliver this horrible verse?
As the text of a sermon, which now I preach:
Evil or good may be better or worse
In the human heart, but the mixture of each
Is a marvel and a curse.

The candid incline to surmise of late
That the Christian faith may be false, I find;
For our Essays-and-Reviews' debate
Begins to tell on the public mind,
And Colenso's words have weight:

I still, to suppose it true, for my part,
See reasons and reasons; this, to begin:
'T is the faith that launched point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie, — taught Original Sin,
The Corruption of Man's Heart.

Robert Browning.

Pouldregat.

THE RETURN FROM ENGLAND.

FROM Pouldregat to Plouaret,
All the land that lies between,
Knight and squire in brave array
Spurring for the field are seen,
Summoned by the duchess' son
To the Saxon war begun.
From all Bretagne trooping fast
O'er the foaming seas they haste.

"My Silvestre too must go,—
I have begged his stay in vain;
But one child I had — and, lo!
He has followed in their train.

"Sleepless as I lingered long,
Kerlaz' maids began their song,
In my ear their accents rung,
Of my absent son they sung:

"'Heaven protect thy wanderings now!
Ah, Silvestre! where art thou?
Art thou on the foaming deep
Many hundred leagues away,
Dost thou midst the surges sleep,
To the ravening fish a prey!
Hadst thou been content to stay,

Lead the life thy father led,
Thou wert happy as the day
Thou hadst been betrothed and wed,
Wed to Manna, fairest maid,
She to whom thy vows were paid:
Then thou wouldst have lived to see
Children climbing round thy knee,
Children with their merry din
Letting joy and pleasure in.'

"Near my door, within a cell
Of the rock, there loves to dwell,
Close concealed, a pigeon white,
Him I 'll from his nest invite;
On his neck of ivory
Will a letter safely lie,
With my bridal ribbon bound:
All his silver feathers round:
That shall call my son once more,
And my Silvestre shall restore.

"Go, my dove, — ah! swiftly go,
Rise upon thy wings of snow,
Fly far o'er the stormy sea,
Bid my son return to me.
Fly where battle's thunders sound,
Gaze with piercing eye around,
Go, — midst carnage fierce and wild,
Bring me tidings of my child!"

"'T is my mother's dove I see
Wont amidst the wood to be;

Now he skims the waters nigh,
Now he seeks the mast so high!"

"Hail, Silvestre, — list to me, —
Letters I have brought to thee."

"Bid my mother dry the tear,
Bid my father be of cheer,
For three years and but a day
Keeps me from their arms away."

Three long years were past and o'er,
But Silvestre came no more!

"Fare thee well, beloved one!
Now my latest hopes are gone,
Never shall we meet again!
If the loud and stormy main
Cast thy bones upon the strand,
I will watch them float to land,
Gather them, — how tenderly!
Kiss them, cherish them, — and die!"
Scarce she spoke, — a bark appeared,
And a Breton flag it bore,
Soon the rocky bay it neared
And a wreck it reached the shore.
Helm and oars and rudder lost,
Mast and sails all split and torn,
Beaten on that rugged coast,
On the surging breakers borne.

Full of dead, — that pallid lay, —
Whence it comes no tongue can say,
Nor how long that fated bark
Had been tossed by tempests dark;
And Silvestre there reposed, —
But no friend his eyes had closed,
No fond mother's tender voice
Bade him at the last rejoice,
No kind father's soothing care, — !
He was lying lifeless there!

Anon. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

Provence.

GATHERING THE COCOONS.

WHEN the crop is fair in the olive-yard,
And the earthen jars are ready
For the golden oil from the barrels poured,
And the big cart rocks unsteady
With its tower of gathered sheaves, and strains
And groans on its way through fields and lanes;

When brawny and bare as an old athlete
Comes Bacchus the dance a-leading,
And the laborers all, with juice-dyed feet,
The vintage of Crau are treading,
And the good wine pours from the brimful presses,
And the ruddy foam in the vats increases;

When under the leaves of the Spanish broom
The clear silkworms are holden,
An artist each, in a tiny loom,
Weaving a web all golden, —
Fine, frail cells out of sunlight spun,
Where they creep and sleep by the million, —

Glad is Provence on a day like that,
'T is the time of jest and laughter:
The Ferigoulet and the Baume Muscat
They quaff, and they sing thereafter.
And lads and lasses, their toils between,
Dance to the tinkling tambourine.

Frédéric Mistral. Tr. Harriet W. Preston.

Pyrenees.

CURRENTE CALAMO.

QUICK, painter, quick, the moment seize
Amid the snowy Pyrenees;
More evanescent than the snow
The pictures come, are seen, and go:
Quick, quick, *currente calamo.*
I do not ask the tints that fill
The gate of day 'twixt hill and hill,
I ask not for the hues that fleet
Above the distant peaks; my feet

Are on a poplar-bordered road,
Where, with a saddle and a load,
A donkey, old and ashen-gray,
Reluctant works his dusty way.
Before him, still with might and main
Pulling his rope, the rustic rein,
A girl: before both him and me
Frequent she turns and lets me see,
Unconscious lets me scan and trace
The sunny darkness of her face,
And outlines full of Southern grace.
Following, I notice, yet and yet,
Her olive skin, dark eyes, deep set
And black, and blacker e'en than jet
The escaping hair that scantly showed,
Since o'er it, in the country mode,
For winter warmth and summer shade,
The lap of scarlet cloth is laid.
And then back falling from the head
A crimson kerchief overspread
Her jacket blue, thence passing down
A skirt of darkest yellow brown,
Coarse stuff, allowing to the view
The smooth limb to the woollen shoe.
But who, — here 's some one following too, —
A priest, and reading at his book!
Read on, O priest, and do not look!
Consider, — she is but a child, —
Yet might your fancy be beguiled, —
Read on, O priest, and pass and go!
But see, succeeding in a row,

Two, three, and four, a motley train,
Musicians wandering back to Spain;
With fiddle and with tambourine,
A man with women following seen;
What dresses, ribbon-ends, and flowers!
And, sight to wonder at for hours,
The man, — to Phillip has he sat?
With butterfly-like velvet hat,
One dame his big bassoon conveys,
On one his gentle arm he lays;
They stop and look, and something say,
And to "España" ask the way.
But while I speak and point them on,
Alas! my dearer friends are gone;
The dark-eyed maiden and the ass
Have had the time the bridge to pass,
Vainly beyond it far descried;
Adieu: and peace with you abide,
Gray donkey and your beauteous guide.
The pictures come, the pictures go,
Quick, quick, *currente calamo.*

Arthur Hugh Clough.

Quimper-Corentin.

GENEVIÈVE DE RUSTÉFAN.

I.

WHAT time his flock young Iann kept
He little thought a priest to be,
But gayly rose, and sweetly slept,
Nor e'er of priest or monk dreamed he.
Light was his heart, as oft he sung,
"The maid I love is fair and young!"

One morn his mother called him home.
"This life will fit my son no more;
Leave there the sheep, to Quimper come,
And learn, at length, some better lore.
For you must study well and long,
That I a priest my son may view,
Forget at once each idle song,
Say to the fair young maids adieu."

II.

The maids of all the land most fair,
Of beauty and of grace the flower,
Who raised their heads the brightest there,
Were daughters to the Lord of Naour.
As shines the moon the stars above,
They shone all majesty and love!

A milk-white steed each maiden brought,
Whose hoofs resounded on the way,
When they the Pardon yearly sought,
And at Pontaven came to pray.

Their kirtles green, of silk so rare,
With gold chains glittered as they moved, —
None with the youngest might compare,
And she, they said, young Iann loved.

"To gain my hand four suitors strove,
And each was forced the vows to take,
But Iannik Flécher is my love,
And I am dying for his sake!"

III.

Fair Geneviève was at her gate
As Iann passed his vows to pay,
Embroidering lace the damsel sate,
With glittering threads of silver gay,
(The kerchief that she works so neat
Were covering for a chalice meet!)

"Iann Flécher, list to me!
Take not vows that fit thee not.
Is the past 'twixt me and thee
And all promises forgot?
All the tender words we said,
All the faithful vows we made?"

"O, I dare not turn me now,
Dare not think upon the past,

For the Church has claimed my vow,
And the fatal lot is cast!"

"Thou the golden ring hast lost
Given thee in the dance of yore?"
"No: the pledge I prized the most
God has ta'en, 't is mine no more!"

"O Iann Flécher! turn again;
Take all the wealth I call my own,
I 'll follow thee through toil and pain,
I 'll love, I 'll live for thee alone!
The coarsest clothes for thee I 'll wear,
For thee all hardships learn to bear,
But say not I must lose thy love!
Or, if I fail thy heart to move,
Come thou, a priest, beside my bed,
And read the office for the dead."

"O Geneviève! a mighty chain
Has twined its fetters round my heart,
O Geneviève! our tears are vain,
I am a priest and we must part!"

IV.

And now the young priest is professed,
And as he passed the Manor hall,
He said, while sorrow swelled his breast,
"Hail! Lord of Rustéfan, — hail all!
Much joy on each may Heaven bestow,
(More than my heart can ever know!)

'T is my first mass this morn, I say;
Will any come to grace the day?"

"O yes, young priest, and thou shalt see
The first who offers shall be me:
The plate shall twenty crowns receive,
Ten more thy god-mother shall give,
In honor of our pious priest
Who follows thus the Lord's behest."

V.

I strayed by Penn-al-Lenn that day,
For I the mass was fain to hear,
I saw the people in dismay,
Come trooping fast with looks of fear;
"Aged mother, wilt thou say
If the mass is done to-day?"

"He begun it, fair and well,
But it is not ended yet,
For his tears so fast they fell
That his books of prayer were wet.

"No: in vain to read he strove,
Vainly tried to end the hymn,
For his heart was torn with love,
And his eyes with tears were dim.

"He would check their rising flood,
He would yet the words repeat,
At the altar where he stood
Geneviève is at his feet!

And she cried, in piercing tone,
'For the love of God, forbear!
Iann! every hope is gone,
And I perish in despair!
Iann! thou hast caused my death,
Take, O, take my dying breath!'"

* * * * *

Iann Flécher since that time
Is the rector of the town:
I who made this mournful rhyme
Oft have wandered up and down,
By the church and by the vale
Where I heard the fatal tale,
And have seen the young priest grieve
O'er the grave of Geneviève:
Years past on,—I went and came,
But his tears flowed on the same!

Anon. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

Rheims.

JOAN OF ARC, ON THE DAY OF THE CORONATION IN RHEIMS.

THE din of arms, the storm of strife, is o'er,
And bloody battles yield to dance and song;
Through every street the gay processions pour,
To church and altar with glad music throng;

They pass through many a green, triumphal door,
Through aisles of rustling leaves they sweep along;
Rheims scarce can hold the crowds that roll, this day,
Like ocean's billows, through each echoing way.

And now one gleam of joy lights every eye,
One proud emotion throbs in every breast;
Where, late, the bloody waves of strife ran high,
Now all is lulled to harmony and rest.
The name of France makes Frenchmen's pulses fly;
To own that name is to be richly blessed;
The lustre of the old crown comes back again,
And France prepares to hail her rightful sovereign's reign.

But I, who ushered in this glorious day, —
I have no heart to feel the joy I see!
My sinking spirit flies from scenes so gay;
The voice of earth-born passion whispers me;
To Britain's distant camp my longings stray;
Ay, to my country's foes I yearn to flee,
And from these scenes of gladness needs must steal,
My bosom's deep pollution to conceal.

* * * * *

Peaceful crook! that I should ever
Change thee for the battle-sword!
Holy oak! O, had I never
Thy mysterious whisperings heard!
Would that thou, High Queen of Heaven,
Never hadst to earth come down!

O, take back what thou hast given, —
Take again this heavy crown!

Ah, Heaven's gates rose bright before me,
And the mansions of the blessed:
Clouds and darkness now hang o'er me;
All my hopes on earth must rest!
Why, ah, why was that sad burden
On my feeble spirit laid?
Could I thus this bosom harden, —
I — a timid, trembling maid?

If thou wilt reveal thy glory,
Choose the pure ones, who before thee
Stand in unapproachéd light,
Spirits spotless in thy sight!
Let them work thy will, who sleep not
Night and day, who feel not, weep not,
But, O, choose not tender maiden,
Herdsmaid's heart with frailties laden!

What had I to do with empires,
Fate of kings and bloody fight?
Harmless I my lambs had tended
On the silent mountain's height;
But thy summons sternly tore me
From a happy, peaceful home,
To the scenes of splendor bore me,
There in sin's dark paths to roam!

Friedrich Schiller. Tr. Charles T. Brooks.

JOAN OF ARC IN RHEIMS.

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
Forth from her thronged cathedral; while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listened at their temple's gate.
And what was done within? Within, the light
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight.
The chivalry of France, their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage, while midst that ring,
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this the hymn
Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day
With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,
As through long aisles it floated o'er the array
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
And unapproached, beside the altar-stone,
With the white banner, forth like sunshine streaming,
And the gold helm, through clouds of fragrance gleaming,
Silent and radiant stood? The helm was raised,
And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,
Intensely worshipping: a still, clear face,
Youthful, but brightly solemn! Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
Yet glorified with inspiration's trace

On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
The pictured virgin, with her smile of love,
Seemed bending o'er her votaress. That slight form!
Was that the leader through the battle-storm?
Had the soft light in that adoring eye
Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high?
'T was so, even so! and thou, the shepherd's child,
Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild!
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
Stood forth as thou beside the shrine didst stand,
Holy amid the knighthood of the land;
And, beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
Ransomed for France by thee!

The rites are done.
Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,
And bid the echoes of the tombs awaken,
And come thou forth, that Heaven's rejoicing sun
May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,
Daughter of victory! A triumphant strain,
A proud, rich stream of warlike melodies,
Gushed through the portals of the antique fane,
And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound,
O, what a power to bid the quick heart bound
The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
Man gives to glory on her high career!
Is there indeed such power? far deeper dwells
In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
Whence happiness flows forth! The shouts that filled
The hollow heaven tempestuously were stilled

One moment; and in that brief pause the tone
As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
Sank on the bright maid's heart. "Joanne!" Who spoke
Like those whose childhood with her childhood grew
Under one roof? "Joanne!"—that murmur broke
With sounds of weeping forth! She turned, she knew
Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy
From his dark eye flashed proudly; and the boy
The youngest-born, that ever loved her best;
"Father! and ye, my brothers!" On the breast
Of that gray sire she sank, and swiftly back,
Even in an instant, to their native track
Her free thoughts flowed. She saw the pomp no more,
The plumes, the banners: to her cabin-door,
And to the fairy's fountain in the glade,
Where her young sisters by her side had played,
And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
Her spirit turned. The very wood-note, sung
In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
Where o'er her father's roof the beech-leaves hung,
Was in her heart; a music heard and felt,
Winning her back to nature. She unbound
The helm of many battles from her head,
And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the ground,
Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said,
"Bless me, my father, bless me! and with thee,
To the still cabin and the beechen tree,
Let me return!"

O, never did thine eye
Through the green haunts of happy infancy
Wander again, Joanne! too much of fame
Had shed its radiance on thy peasant name;
And bought alone by gifts beyond all price,
The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home with all it loves, doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

Felicia Hemans.

JOAN OF ARC.

The morn was fair
When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum
Of multitudes, for high solemnity
Assembled. To the holy fabric moves
The long procession, through the streets bestrewn
With flowers and laurel boughs. The courtier throng
Were there, and they in Orleans, who endured
The siege right bravely; Gaucour, and La Hire,
The gallant Xaintrailles, Boussac, and Chabannes,
Alenson, and the bravest of the brave,
The Bastard Orleans, now in hope elate,
Soon to release from hard captivity
His dear-beloved brother; gallant men,
And worthy of eternal memory,
For they, in the most perilous times of France,
Despaired not of their country. By the king
The delegated Damsel passed along,
Clad in her battered arms. She bore on high
Her hallowed banner to the sacred pile,
And fixed it on the altar, whilst her hand

Poured on the monarch's head the mystic oil,
Wafted of yore by milk-white dove from heaven
(So legends say) to Clovis when he stood
At Rheims for baptism; dubious since that day,
When Tolbiac plain reeked with his warrior's blood,
And fierce upon their flight the Almanni prest,
And reared the shout of triumph; in that hour
Clovis invoked aloud the Christian God
And conquered: waked to wonder thus, the chief
Became love's convert, and Clotilda led
Her husband to the font.
The missioned Maid
Then placed on Charles's brow the crown of France,
And back retiring, gazed upon the king
One moment, quickly scanning all the past,
Till in a tumult of wild wonderment
She wept aloud. The assembled multitude
In awful stillness witnessed: then at once,
As with a tempest-rushing noise of winds,
Lifted their mingled clamors. Now the Maid
Stood as prepared to speak, and waved her hand,
And instant silence followed.
"King of France!"
She cried, "at Chinon, when my gifted eye
Knew thee disguised, what inwardly the spirit
Prompted, I promised, with the sword of God,
To drive from Orleans far the English wolves,
And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.
All is accomplished. I have here this day
Fulfilled my mission, and anointed thee
King over this great nation."

Robert Southey.

THE CORONATION OF CHARLES THE SIMPLE.

YE Frenchmen who at Rheims are met
"Montjoie and St. Denis" repeat.
The ampoule we have got once more,
The sparrows in a merry flock
Are all set loose, as heretofore,
And seem the state of man to mock.
About the church each flutterer flies,
The monarch smiles their sport to see;
The people cries: "Dear birds, take warning and be wise;
Birds, mind you keep your liberty."

As now we 're on the ancient track,
To Charles the Third will I go back,
That worthy grandson of Charlemagne,
Whom folks the "Simple" aptly call,
So famous by the great campaign
In which he did just naught at all.
But to his crowning here we go
While birds and flatterers sing with glee;
The people cries: "No foolish gladness show;
Birds, mind you keep your liberty."

This king, bedecked with tinsel fine,
Who on fat taxes loves to dine,
Is marching with a faithful throng
Of subjects, who in wicked times
With rebel banners tramped along,
And aided an usurper's crimes.

Now cash has set all right again,
Good faith should well rewarded be;
The people cries: "We dearly buy our chain;
Birds, mind you keep your liberty."

Charles kneels embroidered priests before,
And mumbles his "Confiteor,"
Then he 's anointed, kissed, and dressed,
And while the hymns salute his ear
His hand upon the book is pressed,
And his confessor whispers: "Swear!"
Rome, who cares most about the clause,
The faithful from an oath can free;
The people cries: "Thus do they wield our laws;
Birds, mind you keep your liberty."

The royal wight has scarcely felt
About his waist old Charles's belt
Than in the dust he humbly lies.
A soldier shouts, "King, do not crouch,"
"Keep where you are," a bishop cries,
"And mind you fill the church's pouch.
I crown you, and a gift from heaven
The gift of priests must surely be."
The people cries: "Lo, kings to kings are given!
Birds, mind you keep your liberty."

Ye birds, this king we prize so much
Can cure the evil with his touch:
Fly, birds, although you are in fact
The only gay ones in the church.

You might commit more impious act,
If on the altar you should perch.
The sanguinary tools of kings
Placed as the altar's guard we see;
The people cries: "We envy you your wings;
Birds, mind you guard your liberty."

Pierre-Jean de Béranger. Tr. John Oxenford.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair:
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk and many a friar,
Many a knight and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree, —
In sooth, a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out,
Through the motley rout,
The little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there,
Like a dog in a fair;
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope and rochet and pall,

Mitre and crosier, he hopped upon all.
With a saucy air
He perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if to say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys, — dear little souls! —
In nice clean faces and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due,
Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed, and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Poured lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope!
One little boy more
A napkin bore

Of the best white diaper fringed with pink,
And a cardinal's hat marked in permanent ink.

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white;
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody 's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There 's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they 're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels
In the toes and the heels.
They turn up the dishes, — they turn up the plates, —
They take up the poker and poke out the grates, —
They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs;
But, no! — no such thing, —

They can't find the ring!
And the Abbot declared that "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger and pious grief
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the Devil, and wake in a fright.
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him living, he cursed him dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The monks and the friars they searched till dawn;
When the sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw
No longer gay,
As on yesterday,
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;

His pinions drooped, — he could hardly stand, —
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried,
"That 's him!
That 's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing,
That 's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring!"
The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower
He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the ring in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!

When those words were heard
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 't was really absurd:
He grew sleek and fat;

In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
His tail waggled more
Even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopped now about
With a gait devout;
At matins, at vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride
Of that country side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint.
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It 's the custon at Rome new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow!

Richard Harris Barham.

Rhone, the River.

THE RIVER RHONE.

IS it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake.
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake; —
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doomed to inflict or bear?

Lord Byron.

THE DESCENT OF THE RHONE.

FAIRER scene the opening eye
Of the day can scarce descry,
Fairer sight he looks not on
Than the pleasant banks of Rhone;
Where in terraces and ranks,
On those undulating banks,
Rise by many a hilly stair
Sloping tiers of vines, where'er
From the steep and stony soil
Has been won by careful toil,
And with long, laborious pains
Fenced against the washing rains, —

Fenced and anxiously walled round,
Some small patch of garden-ground.
Higher still some place of power,
Or a solitary tower,
Ruined now, is looking down
On the quiet little town
In a sheltered glen beneath,
Where the smoke's unbroken wreath,
Mounting in the windless air,
Rests, dissolving slowly there,
O'er the housetops like a cloud,
Or a thinnest vaporous shroud.

Morn has been, — and lo! how soon
Has arrived the middle noon,
And the broad sun's rays do rest
On some naked mountain's breast,
Where alone relieve the eye
Massive shadows, as they lie
In the hollows motionless;
Still our boat doth onward press:
Now a peaceful current wide
Bears it on an ample tide;
Now the hills retire, and then
Their broad fronts advance again,
Till the rocks have closed us round,
And would seem our course to bound,
But anon a path appears,
And our vessel onward steers,
Darting rapidly between
Narrow walls of a ravine.

Morn has been and noon, — and now
Evening falls about our prow:
Mid the clouds that kindling won
Light and fire from him, the Sun
For a moment's space was lying,
Phœnix in his own flames dying!
And a sunken splendor still
Burns behind the western hill:
Lo! the starry troop again
Gather on the ethereal plain;
Even now and there were none,
And a moment since but one;
And anon we lift our head,
And all heaven is overspread
With a still-assembling crowd,
With a silent multitude, —
Venus, first and brightest set
In the night's pale coronet,
Armed Orion's belted pride,
And the Seven that by the side
Of the Titan nightly weave
Dances in the mystic eve,
Sisters linked in love and light.
'T were in truth a solemn sight,
Were we sailing now as they,
Who upon their western way
To the isles of spice and gold,
Nightly watching, might behold
These our constellations dip,
And the great sign of the Ship
Rise upon the other hand,

With the Cross, still seen to stand
In the vault of heaven upright,
At the middle hour of night, —
Or with them whose keels first prest
The huge rivers of the West,
Who the first with bold intent
Down the Orellana went,
Or a dangerous progress won
On the mighty Amazon,
By whose ocean-streams they told
Of the warrior-maidens bold.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

THE RHONE.

THE little boat, in Andreloun's control,
Parted the water silent as a sole,
The while the enamored maiden whom I sing,
Herself on the great Rhone adventuring,
Beside the urchin sat, and scanned the wave
Intently, with a dreamy eye and grave,

Till the boy-boatman spake: "Now knewest thou ever,
Young lady, how immense is the Rhone river?
Betwixt Camargue and Crau might holden be
Right noble jousts! That is Camargue!" said he;
"That isle so vast it can discern, I deem,
All the seven mouths of the Arlesian stream."

The rose-lights of the morn were beauteous
Upon the river, as he chatted thus.

And the tartanes, with snowy sails outspread,
Tranquilly glided up the stream, impelled
By the light breeze that blew from off the deep,
As by a shepherdess her milk-white sheep.

And all along the shore was noble shade
By feathery ash and silver poplar made,
Whose hoary trunks the river did reflect,
And giant limbs with wild vines all bedeckt
With ancient vines and tortuous, that upbore
Their knotty, clustered fruit the waters o'er.

Majestically calm, but wearily
And as he fain would sleep, the Rhone passed by,
Like some great veteran dying. He recalls
Music and feasting in Avignon's halls
And castles, and profoundly sad is he
To lose his name and waters in the sea.

Frédéric Mistral. Tr. Harriet W. Preston.

THE ROMAN CITIES OF THE RHONE.

THE rain had ceased, and in the watery west
Enough of daylight lingered to beguile
A traveller's footsteps from the narrow town
And past the mighty wall, beneath whose shade
The streets have clustered, to the tranquil road
Which leads to Orange from the distant north.
And there, on my amazed and ignorant eyes,
Rose the fair span of a triumphal arch, —

A strange pathetic witness of the chains
Which Cæsar fixed on Gaul, and bound her fast
With network of his causeways, east and west.
I passed beneath it, as the evening fell
Misty and golden-green with southern March;
And looked up at the sculptures undecayed,
And at the vast proportions, square and strong,
In which Rome wrought her masonry. It seemed
A strange, sad exile from that dearest land
Where stand the other three, beneath the crests
Of Capitol and Palatine, and groves
Which crown the churches on the Cœlian Hill.

But Nismes I saw in sunshine, when the light
Flooded the great steps of the Golden House,
And painted it against the tender sky,
As any time within this thousand years
And half as much again. And all the Place
By which the Golden House is girt about
Was thronged with citizens' feet, which have not ceased
Their hurrying tread since first that house was built
In honor of a god.
With Arles the same, —
Whose accents yet retain a Roman note,
Whose dark-eyed women smile with Julia's eyes
And grave Cornelia's pride; whose people sit
Unto this hour upon their seats of stone,
Spectators of the game;
For far and wide
Within the valley of the rushing Rhone,
Beneath her stony hills, and where the vine
Mates with the olive on the sunburnt slopes,

This mighty Nation of the seven mounts
Planted her eagles; and her legions laid
Their arms together while she built in peace,
And dwelt in peace for centuries.
All the land
Is vocal with her presence; the swift streams
Are spanned by her embrace, and as the Rhone
Bursts from the snow-fed crescent of the lake
Which cradles his young streams, he sweeps his course
Through famous memories, second but to those
Which Tiber bears to Ostia, where the waves
Of yellow water whisper to the sea
The latest word from Rome.

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

TO THE RIVER RHONE.

THOU Royal River, born of sun and shower
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow
And rocked by tempests! — at the appointed hour
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,
With clang and clink of harness dost thou go
To meet thy vassal torrents, that below
Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.
And now thou movest in triumphal march,
A king among the rivers! On thy way
A hundred towns await and welcome thee;
Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,
And fleets attend thy progress to the sea!

Henry W. Longfellow.

TO THE RHONE.

O RAPID flood! which from thy mountain bed
Gnawest thy shores, whence (in my tongue) thy name;
Thou art my partner, night and day the same,
Where I by love, thou art by nature led:
Precede me now; no weariness doth shed
Its spell o'er thee, no sleep thy course can tame;
Yet ere the ocean waves thy tribute claim,
Pause, where the herb and air seem brighter fed.
There beams our sun of life, whose genial ray
With brighter verdure thy left shore adorns;
Perchance (vain hope!) e'en now my stay she mourns.
Kiss then her foot, her lovely hand, and may
Thy kiss to her in place of language speak,
The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

Francesca Petrarca. Tr. Susan Wallaston.

Rouen.

THE CURFEW.

WHEN William lay a-dying
All dull of eye and dim,
And he that conquered Harold
Felt one that conquered him,

He recked not of the minutes,
The midnight, or the morn,
But there he lay, unbreathing
As the babe that is still-born.

But suddenly a bell tolled!
He started from the swound,
First glared, and then grew gentle,
Then wildly stared around.
He deemed 't was bell at even,
To quench the Saxon's coal,
But O, it was a curfew
To quench his fiery soul.

"Now, prithee, holy father!
What means this bell, I pray;
Is 't curfew-time in England,
Or am I far away?
God wot, it moves my spirit
As if it even might be
The bells of mine own city,
In dear old Normandie."

"Ay, sire, thou art in Rouen;
And 't is the prayer-bell's chime,
In the steeple of St. Mary's
That tolls the hour of prime!"
"Then bid them pray for William,
And may the Virgin-born,
In the church of his sweet mother,
Hear their praying this blest morn."

Little dream the kneeling people
Who joins them in their prayers!
They deem not stout King William
Their paternoster shares:
Nor see they how he lifteth
With theirs his dying hand;
The hand that from the Saxon
Tore the crown of fair England!

Nor heard they, as responding
To their chanting oft he sighed,
Till rose their *de profundis*,
And the mighty Norman died:
But I have thought, who knoweth,
But if that early toll,
Like the contrite malefactor's,
Saved a dying sinner's soul!

Anonymous.

THE LAY OF TALBOT, THE TROUBADOUR.

I.

AT Rouen Richard kept his state,
Released from captive thrall;
And girt with many a warrior guest
He feasted in the hall!

The rich metheglin mantled high,
The wine was berry red,
When tidings came that Salisbury,
His early friend, was dead;

And that his sole surviving child,
The heiress of his wealth,
By crafty kinsmen and allies
Was borne away by stealth;

Was borne away from Normandy,
Where, secretly confined,
She heard no voice of those she loved,
But sighed to the north wind.

Haply from some lone castle's tower
Or solitary strand,
Even now she gazes o'er the deep,
That laves her father's land!

King Richard cries, "My minstrel knights,
Who will the task achieve,
To seek through France and Normandy
The orphan left to grieve?"

Young William Talbot then did speak,
"Betide me weal and woe,
From Michael's castle through the land
A pilgrim I will go."

He clad him in his pilgrim weeds,
With trusty staff in hand,
And scallop shell, and took his way,
A wanderer through the land.

For two long years he journeyed on,
A pilgrim, day by day,

Through many a forest dark and drear,
By many a castle gray.

At length, when one clear morn of frost
Was shining on the main,
Forth issuing from a castle gate
He saw a female train!

With lightsome step and waving hair,
Before them ran a child,
And, gathering from the sands a shell,
Ran back to them, and smiled.

Himself unseen among the rocks,
He saw her point her hand,
And cry, "I would go home, go home,
To my poor father's land."

* * * * *

II.

The two long years had passed away,
When castle Galliard[1] rose,
As built at once by elfin hands,
And scorning time or foes.

[1] This magnificent ruin of the favorite castle of Richard I. is on the banks of the Seine, near Les Andelys, the birthplace of Poussin, and the retreat of Thomas Corneille. A single year sufficed to form its immense fosses, and to raise those walls which might seem to be the structure of a lifetime. When Cœur de Lion saw it finished, he is said to have exclaimed with exultation, "How beautiful she is, this daughter of a year!"

It might be thought that Merlin's imps
Were tasked to raise the wall,
That unheard axes fell the woods,
While unseen hammers fall.

As hung by magic on a rock,
The castle-keep looked down
O'er rocks and rivers, and the smoke
Of many a far-off town.

And now, young knights and minstrels gay
Obeyed their master's call,
And loud rejoicing held the feast
In the new raftered hall.

His minstrels and his mailed peers
Were seated at the board,
And at his side the highest sat
William of the Long Sword.

This youthful knight, of princely birth,
Was dazzling to behold,
For his chain-mail from head to foot
All glistened o'er with gold.

His surcoat dyed with azure blue
In graceful foldings hung,
And there the golden lions ramped,
With bloody claws and tongue.

With crimson belt around his waist
His sword was girded on;

The hilt, a cross to kiss in death,
Radiant with jewels shone.

The names and banners of each knight
It were too long to tell;
Here sat the brave Montgomery,
There Bertrand and Rozell.

Of Richard's unresisted sword
A noble minstrel sung,
Whilst to an hundred answering harps
The blazing gallery rung.

So all within was merriment, —
When, suddenly, a shout,
As of some unexpected guest,
Burst from the crowd without.

Now not a sound, and scarce a breath,
Through the long hall is heard,
When, with a young maid by his side,
A vizored knight appeared.

Up the long hall they held their way,
On to the royal seat;
Then both together, hand in hand,
Knelt at King Richard's feet.

"Talbot, a Talbot!" rang the hall
With gratulation wild,
"Long live brave Talbot, and long live
Earl William's new-found child!

Amid a scene so new and strange,
This poor maid could not speak;
King Richard took her by the hand,
And gently kissed her cheek;

Then placed her, smiling through a tear,
By his brave brother's side:
"Long live brave Longspe!" rang the hall,
"Long live his future bride!"

To noble Richard this fair child,
His ward, was thus restored;
Destined to be the future bride
Of Him of the Long Sword.

William Lisle Bowles.

PLACE DE LA PUCELLE.

HERE blooms the legend, fed by Time and Chance,
Fresh as the morning, though with centuries old,
The whitest lily on the shield of France,
With heart of virgin gold.

Along the square she moved, sweet Joan of Arc,
With face more pallid than a daylit star,
Half seen, half doubted, while before her dark
Stretched the array of war.

Swift passed the battle-smoke of lying breath
From off her path, as if a wind had blown,

Showing no faithless king, but righteous Death,
On the low wooden throne.

He would reward her: she who meekly wore
Alike the gilded mail and peasant gown,
As meekly now received one honor more,
The formless, fiery crown.

A white dove trembled up the heated air,
And in the opening zenith found its goal;
Soft as a downward feather, dropped a prayer
For each repentant soul.

Maria Lowell.

WRITTEN AT ROUEN.

THE Seine is like a belt of gold,
Beneath an autumn sky,
That floats, in many a crimson fold,
Like a banner hung on high!
The town hangs darkly o'er the stream,
Where lights and shadows play,
While wave on wave, like dream on dream,
Smile as they glide away!

And here I stand, as here I stood,
How many years ago!
When life danced onward, like the flood,
With music in its flow:
But now my breast, like yonder dome,
Where sleeps the Lion-heart,

Is half a temple, half a tomb,
But has no earthly part.

My spirit keeps the trace, like thee,
Of many a lost parade, —
Dreams of the soul's young chivalry,
Of many a wild crusade!
Like thee, dark town, like thee, in all
But thy many gushing fountains,
Yet brightened still by lights that fall
From heaven, — like thy blue mountains!

Thomas Kibble Hervey.

St. Aubin.

THE RETURN TO PARACLETE.

On the road from Nogent is the village of St. Aubin, on the little river Ardusson, where formerly stood the celebrated Abbey of Paraclete, founded by Abelard, — the retreat of Heloïse, and the last resting-place of both.

FROM Argenteuil's time-honored fane
Driven forth a fugitive, forlorn,
When I beheld the world again,
And shared its pity and its scorn,

With my sad sisterhood I roved
Through weary paths unknown and rude;
Nor knew where he, so sadly loved,
Had fled to awful solitude.

With all my sorrows trembling still,
Fate, vainly lenient, bade us meet,
Resistless victims of its will!
And led my steps to Paraclete.

Thine was the home that gave us rest,
To us thy holy cells resigned;
And there I strove to teach my breast
The calm its weakness could not find.

Since then, in deep regret and gloom,
Have twice ten years — all winter — fled,
And now — thou crav'st of me a tomb!
And now — I wake to see thee dead!

O Abelard! why weep I now?
Hast thou not passed a life of care?
And could religion's power bestow
One charm to still my long despair!

Thou may'st at last repose in peace, —
Contemned, pursued, opprest no more —
For thee the world's loud surges cease,
Thy bark has reached a tranquil shore.

And fame thy worth shall yet reward,
Great through all time thy name shall be;
While Eloïse thy dust shall guard,
And die, as she has lived, for thee!

Louisa Stuart Costello.

St. Cloud.

ST. CLOUD.

SOFT spread the southern summer night
Her veil of darksome blue;
Ten thousand stars combined to light
The terrace of St. Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sighed,
Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
And wreck of sweet St. Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
The bugle wildly blew
Good-night to Hulan and Hussar,
That garrison St. Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
The glory of St. Cloud.

We sat upon its steps of stone,
Nor could its silence rue,
When waked, to music of our own,
The echoes of St. Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer dew,

While through the moonless air they float
Prolonged from far St. Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet
With princes at St. Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,
The circle round her drew,
Than ours, when gathered round to hear
Our songstress at St. Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at St. Cloud.

Sir Walter Scott.

St. Germain-en-Laye.

THE TERRACE OF ST. GERMAIN.

THE stateliest walk which man hath made —
Imperial Rome no equal shows —
Is that which casts a league of shade
Where Seine amidst her meadows flows.

Spring clothes its cyclopean wall
Of living forest every year,

And Autumn drapes a splendid pall
For Nature as the days grow drear.

And though it was the hand of Art
Which shaped and wrought the royal plan,
Yet Nature brought her nobler part
To dignify the work of man.

It sweeps athwart the level hill,
As if for giant footsteps meant;
What king but here might gaze his fill,
And pace the mighty path content!

Yet here a kingly exile came,
To brood on sorrows day by day;
Of daughters who abjured his name,
And three fair kingdoms passed away.

A dark and melancholy soul
His pictures show, as if he saw
The writing of some fatal scroll,
The sentence of some ruthless law;

And knew his father's blood had made
A vain libation for the race,
Whose last lone son should lay his head
Uncrowned within the sacred place

Where nations worship, and should owe
Unto the king who wore his crown,
Canova's tomb of moulded snow,
And words whereby his state is known.

Sad English ghost! whose line decayed
On English page scarce owns a friend!
With what pathetic steps ye tread
The lordly walk from end to end!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

St. Malo.

HERVÉ RIEL.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase:
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick; or, quicker still,
Here 's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk, and leaped on board:
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they;
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 't is slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands, or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight:
Brief and bitter the debate.
"Here 's the English at our heels: would you have them take in tow
All that 's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck, amid all these, —
A captain? a lieutenant? a mate, — first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, — Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel.
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals? — me, who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers, every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me, there 's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know
well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And, if one ship misbehave, —
Keel so much as grate the ground, —
Why, I 've nothing but my life: here 's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock!

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past!
All are harbored to the last!
And, just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" sure as fate,
Up the English come, — too late!

So the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève:
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth, and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Outburst all with one accord,
"This is paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's king,
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes, —
Just the same man as before.
Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships;
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty 's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point what is it but a run?
Since 't is ask and have, I may;
Since the others go ashore, —
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got, — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank:
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

Robert Browning.

REMINISCENCES.

MY childhood's home, that pleasant spot
By me can never be forgot!
How happy, sister, then appeared
Our country's lot,
O France! to me be still endeared,
Be still revered.

Our mother's form remember'st thou?
I see her by the chimney now,
Where oft she clasped us to her breast,
While on her brow
Our lips the white locks fondly pressed;
Then were we blessed!

And, sister, thou remember'st yet
The castle, which the stream would wet;
And that strange Moorish tower, so old,
Thou 'lt not forget;
How from its bell the deep sound rolled,
And day foretold.

Remember'st thou the lake's calm blue?
The swallow brushed it as he flew, —
How with the reeds the breezes played;
The evening hue
With which the waters bright were made
In gold arrayed.

One image more, — of all the best, —
The maid whom to my heart I pressed
As, youthful lovers, we would stray,
In moments blest,
About the wood for wild-flowers gay, —
Past, past away!

O, give my Helen back to me, —
My mountain and my old oak-tree;
I mourn their loss, I feel how drear
My life must be;
But, France! to me thou wilt appear
Forever dear.

Vicomte de Chateaubriand. Tr. John Oxenford.

Ste. Marguerite, the Island.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

"BOUNDS within bounds, and everlasting bars
Sunk in deep sockets of unyielding stone;
Bars on the seaward face, and these I touch;
The space between, — a Temple of the Winds,
Where eyes, and eyes alone, may venture in,
Set in the castle's wall, through which I view,
As through the chamber of a telescope,
The seemingly illimitable sea, —
A sight I never tire of, — whose expanse
Is endless in its aspects and its tints;
To-day all crisply curled in clear green waves
Where the blue rolls, above the yellow sands,
And topped with creamy foam and delicate bells
And bubbles of transparent hues, mid which
Float lazily the tangles and brown sheaves
Of kelp that weltering lie beneath the sun, —
The wrecked and scattered harvest of the storm;
Mid these the sea-grape's clusters idly hang
And sway and waver in the ripple's light,
As sun-empurpled bunches 'tween sere leaves
On Southern hillsides, swing in balmy air.
O'er these, loud screaming wheels a flight of gulls,
In gradual widening spirals of approach,
With balanced wings, and low-dropped hanging feet
That skim the crystal surface as they pass, —

All glancing sidelong, with keen amber eyes.
Beyond, and yet beyond, lie belts of calm
With milky streaks between; and passing flaws, —
The transient footprints of a vagrant breeze;
There mid broad shadows on the dark blue field
Tacks the tall ship, — the high-sterned caravel, —
The quaint carrack, — the argosy of Ind;
With fisher boats between, whose sails of tan
Glow into golden chestnut in the sun,
Their leaning gunwales hung with dark festoons
Of nets and cordage, corks and tiny buoys.
And last! between us and yon gloomy rock,
Whose brow is garlanded with wind-blown weed,
Starts out our villain prison-barge, whose crew
Pulls a slow, solemn stroke, of hollow sound.
While the sun flashes on the musquetoons
Two listless soldiers bear, but never use.
Thus much the eye takes in, — blue sea, blue sky,
But less of sky than sea, and little land."

* * * * *

So saying, he lay down upon his bed,
Beneath the loop-holed window of the room,
His gray head pillowed on his woven hands,
Each in the other clasped behind his neck,
In mutual help and brotherly support.
And as he lay he slept, and while he slept,
Or seemed to sleep, in that mysterious mood
Which hangs upon the skirts of waking thought
He dreamed.
It was a vivid dream of sunny Cannes,
Cannes on the mainland shore just opposite,

Now near and clear, so late invisible,
Saw jutting towards him, 'tween the twin blue bays
Of Napoule and Jouan, — the Point Croisette,
And Jouan and Napoule sweep grandly thence
In graceful curves, all edged with terraces,
While from their feet hung terraces as fair,
Glassed in the perfect calm of azure seas.
Behind all these uprose gray Gothic towers,
And campanilés tall, whose shapely shafts
Reared up their rosy-wrinkled roofs to heaven,
And long-backed houses with the formal line
Of ridge just gently broken here and there
By knots of chimneys and flag-flaunting staves,
Anon a spire or two, — and windmill arms,
That circled slowly over sweet La Grasse,
Amid the bosky olive yards and groves,
Where the pale citron ripens in the sun,
And vines run riot in luxuriant joy.
O'er this (upon the left) the Esterel
He saw soar heavenward, all her crags and peaks
Cut clear and sharply out against the sky,
While on the right, their summits lost in snow,
The snow half merged in mist, towered up to heaven,
With awful brows those Alps called Maritime.

* * * * *

I 'll venture to be rash,
Creating circumstance, though hazardous,
Wherewith to play my play. Shrewd written words.
Silvern the tablet be, — the stylus steel,
The tablet this bright dish, — my pocket-knife
A stylus to my hand.

And now, to grave my name, — my qualities,
My kingly parentage, — my prison-house,
My living burial, and my inner tomb.
Come!" Thus he cried, and drew the dish to him,
And laid the grapes and vine-leaves on a shelf
That jutted from the wall above his couch,
And, taking up the burnished piece of plate
That bore the crest and impress of St. Mars,
Wrote words upon 't (as 't were a tablet made
Just for his purpose) with his knife, the style,
Six lines exact, and then his signature,
All written clear and rapidly, — the point
Smoothly and flowingly defining sense,
In spun-out flourishes of silver thread:
"Here, in this castle of Ste. Marguerite, wastes
His weary life away (close prisoner),
The brother, passing Frenchman! of thy king.
In God's name help! shall not my people save?
Help! ere I fade and rot, and pass away,
Unchallenged, to oblivion, past the tomb."
Then pausing for an instant, slowly signed
"Philippe" (the name they gave him in their fraud),
Thereby confounding him with Philippe born
To Louis and to Ann, but after him;
So that if news of prisoned Philippe flew
Forth from the donjon to the world beyond,
The world should wag its head and wink and laugh,
Saying "Prince Philippe hunted yesterday,
Or rode a-hawking with his gentlemen
This very morn." And then again, "We know
But one Prince Philippe, brother to the king."

* * * * *

He held the dish before him like a glass,
Which flashed the sun-rays back upon his mask,
And turned to diamond both the piercing eyes,
That beamed like starlight through two gaping rifts,
Then setting it on edge, like one who spins
A coin, or hurls a discus through the air,
Sent it loud-ringing down the stony slope
That floored the loop-hole, through a vista formed
Of upright iron bars, not grazing one!
And now with one gay bound it seaward sprang
Out o'er the window-ledge, — one blaze of light,
And struck, in falling, on a corbel, or
Mayhap some course of masonry that stood
Projected past its fellows, — like the bulk
Of some grim giant's eyebrow, knit in gloom,
Clashed on 't like cymbal, and with blaring jar
Of sudden stricken silver, trembling rang
Sweetly sonorous, — leapt again, — and sang
A pæan-song mid-air, which tranced the bees
That thronged the blooming ivy on the wall,
Tranced them, — then died away.

* * * * *

Much wash of waters on the rocky shore,
Faint cries of passing seamen swung mid-air,
Like birds amid a forestry of spars,
And cobwebbed crossings of a corded maze.
These sounds, and those of feet, as swift the "Mask"
Paced the cold flagstones muttering to himself, —
These were what most prevailed. But — hark! again,
What sudden noise is this?

An earnest stranger comes, and loudly knocks
With ruddy knuckles on the postern door,
Jarring the massy oak and ponderous bolts
Which groan and rattle 'neath the lusty fist,
Rousing the guard within.
A burly fisher-youth, and roughly clad,
But yet with golden ear-rings in his ears;
Bare-legged, bare-armed, bare-breasted, and who wore
(Askew) a sailor's cap, of scarlet wool.
This pulled 'most to his eyes, — whose frolic fire
Lighted the clear bronze-olive of a cheek
The salt breeze netted o'er with crossed red veins.
Two musqueteers conducting him, he came
Into the presence-chamber of St. Mars,
Bearing a silver dish beneath his arm,
Which he hugged closely to his bosom warm, —
His treasure-trove, expectant of reward.

* * * * *

George Gordon McCrae.

St. Omer.

THE CAMP.

FORSOOTH, a peaceful city!
The beautiful St. Omer;
Here the young green of the meadows,
The silver river there;

Near by, a lake like a mirror,
Where emerald islands swim,
Where herds of cattle drifting
Crop the grass at the water's brim.

The Abbey of St. Andomar
In polished marble drest,
Looks like the Angel of Peace
On the land that it has blest.
The little word War! O, never
Was it heard on her fertile plains,
And writ in her cloister's chronicle
Only half the word remains.

Here seemed peace and content
From the earliest time to dwell;
Was ever heard sound of iron,
It was only the tinkling bell;
Did any one cry for succor,
'T was at most but a sheep astray;
Was any one angry, 't was only
A priest in a pastoral way.

Anton Alexander von Auersperg.
Tr. John Osborne Sargent.

St. Peray.

ST. PERAY.

WHEN to any saint I pray,
It shall be to St. Peray.
He alone, of all the brood,
Ever did me any good:
Many I have tried that are
Humbugs in the calendar.

On the Atlantic, faint and sick,
Once I prayed St. Dominick:
He was holy, sure, and wise;—
Was 't not he that did devise
Auto-da-fés and rosaries?—
But for one in my condition
This good saint was no physician.

Next, in pleasant Normandie,
I made a prayer to St. Denis,
In the great cathedral, where
All the ancient kings repose;
But, how I was swindled there
At the "Golden Fleece," he knows!

In my wanderings, vague and various,
Reaching Naples, as I lay
Watching Vesuvius from the bay,

I besought St. Januarius.
But I was a fool to try him;
Naught I said could liquefy him;
And I swear he did me wrong,
Keeping me shut up so long
In that pest-house, with obscene
Jews and Greeks and things unclean,—
What need had I of quarantine?

In Sicily at least a score,
In Spain about as many more,
And in Rome almost as many
As the loves of Don Giovanni,
Did I pray to — sans reply;
"Devil take the tribe!" said I.

Worn with travel, tired and lame,
To Assisi's walls I came:
Sad and full of homesick fancies,
I addressed me to St. Francis;
But the beggar never did
Anything as he was bid,
Never gave me aught but fleas, —
Plenty had I at Assise.

But in Provence, near Vaucluse,
  Hard by the Rhone, I found a saint
Gifted with a wondrous juice,
  Potent for the worst complaint.
'T was at Avignon that first,
In the witching time of thirst,

To my brain the knowledge came
Of this blessed Catholic's name;
Forty miles of dust that day
Made me welcome St. Peray.

Though till then I had not heard
Aught about him, ere a third
Of a litre passed my lips,
All saints else were in eclipse.
For his gentle spirit glided
With such magic into mine,
That methought such bliss as I did
Poet never drew from wine.

Rest he gave me, and refection,
Chastened hopes, calm retrospection,
Softened images of sorrow,
Bright forebodings for the morrow,
Charity for what is past, —
Faith in something good at last.

Now, why should any almanack
The name of this good creature lack?
Or wherefore should the breviary
Omit a saint so sage and merry?
The Pope himself should grant a day
Especially to St. Peray.
But, since no day hath been appointed,
On purpose, by the Lord's anointed,
Let us not wait, we 'll do him right;
Send round your bottles, Hal, and set your night.

Thomas William Parsons.

St. Rémy.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AND MAUSOLEUM AT ST. RÉMY.

THE identity of those in whose honor the Arch of Triumph and Mausoleum of St. Rémy were raised puzzles antiquaries as much as does that of the individual for whom the pyramids of Egypt were built.

YON stately tomb that seeks the sky,
Erected to the glorious dead,
Through whose high arches sweeps the sigh
The night-winds heave when day has fled;

How fair its pillared stories rise
'Gainst yon blue firmament so pure;
Fair as they met admiring eyes,
Long ages past, they still endure.

Yes, many a race hath left the earth
Since first this mausoleum rose;
So many, that the name or birth
Of dead or founder no one knows.

The sculptured pictures, all may see,
Were by a skilful artist wrought;
But, Time! the secret rests with thee,
Which to unravel men have sought.

Of whom were they, the honored dead,
Whose memory love would here record?

Lift up the veil, so long o'erspread,
And tell whose dust yon fane doth guard.

Name those whose love outlived the grave
And sought to give for aye to fame
Mementos of the good and brave,
Of whom thou hast effaced the name.

We know but that they lived and died,
No more this stately tomb can tell:
Here come and read a lesson, Pride,
This monument can give so well.

They lived, they hoped, they suffered, loved,
As all of earth have ever done;
Were oft by wild ambition moved,
And basked, perchance, 'neath glory's sun.

They deemed that they should leave behind
Undying names. Yet mark this fane;
For whom it rose, by whom designed,
Learned antiquaries search in vain.

Still doth it wear the form it wore
Through the dim lapse of bygone age;
Triumph of art in days of yore,
Whose history fills the classic page.

To honor victors it is said
'T was raised, though none their names can trace;
It stands as monument instead,
Unto each long-forgotten race,

Who came, like me, to gaze and brood
  Upon it in this lonely spot,
Their minds with pensive thoughts imbued,
  That heroes could be thus forgot.

Yet still the wind a requiem sighs,
  And the blue sky above it weeps;
The sun pours down its radiant dyes,
  Though none can tell who 'neath it sleeps.

And seasons roll, and centuries pass,
  And still unchanged thou keep'st thy place;
While we, like shadows in a glass,
  Soon glide away, and leave no trace.

And yon proud arch, the victor's meed,
  Is nameless as the neighboring tomb:
Victor, and dead, the Fates decreed
  Your memory to oblivion's gloom.

The Countess of Blessington.

Sein (Sena), the Island.

SENA.

RAGES storm around the island; purple-swathed through mist and gloom
Sinks the sun as an old blind emperor to a foe-beleaguered tomb;

Heaves broad the darkling ocean from abysses of the West,
Like the first great throb of anger of Megæra's snake-bound breast;
Then bursts upon the grinding reef that hurls it back in foam,
And thundering down the cavern, mocks the granite-guarded Gnome;
And the North-wind, speeding from his lair on dread Uxantos' steep,
Stirs the watchers on Gobæum in their demon-haunted sleep,
And ploughs the dunes of Crozon, and shakes the towers of Is,
And veils the candid lights of Jove with the ghastly shades of Dis;
And through brumal fog and drowning spray and elemental roar
Grow the solemn hours to midnight on the wild Osismian shore.

A moment, and blue lightnings cleave the smoke-pall of the sea;
A moment, like the swooning hush ere cataclysms be;
What shrieks reverberating rang from Sena's tortured coast!
What Mænad-shapes, with vapory hair and white arms heaven-tossed,
Stood beckoning on the cliff's keen marge to the Furies of the cloud,
And glided 'mong the death-struck oaks, with weeping faces bowed!

* * * * *

The Druid temple crowns the isle, girt by the death-struck trees,
Reared in the night of time by hands from Defro-banian seas;
Around it the rude monoliths in solemn order rise
That guard the great quadrangle of the Caer of Sacrifice,
Where on the central stone converge the triple rays which flow
When in solstice and in equinox the dawn's red banners glow, —
Rays brightening into symbols of the Name alone divine,
The Logos of his utterance, his love-bestowing sign.
But the pure faith waned in Arvor's bounds: truth's white unmingled beam
Was decomposed to gaudy hues, and dream engendered dream,
And the Teuton sent traditions dark from his forest-girt abodes,
And the Roman brought the dower of his twice mishandled gods;
False Mithras vexed the Circles; in all the islands shone
With Sabian pomp the temple, or with deadly flame the stone;

* * * * *

The red sun shines on cliff and shore, on revelry and tears,
On the wolf-skins of the Velites and their sheaves of slender spears:
Shouting, they throng the galleys, and bear, with haughty smile,

The world-familiar standards to the lone Armoric Isle;
And the Isle waits vacant, voiceless, all life and symbol fled,
Save the smoke of dying embers faintly circling o'er the dead.

James Kenward.

Seine, the River.

ON REVISITING THE SEINE.

YE are the same, ye meadows and green banks,
And pastures level to the river's edge;
Ye shores with poplar fringed in graceful ranks,
And towns that nestle under rocky ledge;

Ye island-spots of greenery, fast embraced
By the dividing arms of this fair stream,
Which, parting for a moment, meet in haste,
And then in breadths of lake-like beauty gleam.

The quiet cattle, feeding quietly,
They seem the very same I saw of yore;
And the same picture lives upon mine eye,
Methinks, that lived upon mine eye before.

Fair were ye, seen of old; ye now are fair,
As ye were then; and not a change appears,
Unless that all doth stranger beauty wear,
This time beholden through a mist of tears.

For O ye streams, ye meadows, and ye hills,
To which there cometh no mutation nigh,
Strange trouble at your sight my bosom fills,
You looking at me with this changeless eye.

It troubles me that ye, unfeeling things,
Should be exempted from our tears and fears,
While we, the lords of nature and its kings,
Servile remain to all the changeful years.

On this swift-sliding stream I sail once more,
Whose beauty brings unutterable pain;
For ye who saw with me this sight before,
Three were ye, — but, O, where are now the twain?

Ye are not here, — the floods, the hills, are here,
They look on me with their unaltered eye;
Dowered with a strength eternal they appear,
And we like weak, wan phantoms flitting by.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

Senart, the Forest.

LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

THE king with all his kingly train
Had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood,
The royal beasts of chase to find.

That day by chance the monarch mused,
And, turning suddenly away,
He struck alone into a path
That far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play
Upon the brown untrodden earth;
He saw the birds around him flit
As if he were of peasant birth;
He saw the trees that know no king
But him who bears a woodland axe;
He thought not, but he looked about
Like one who skill in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell,
And glad of human sound was he,
For truth to say he found himself
A weight from which he fain would flee.
But that which he would ne'er have guessed
Before him now most plainly came;
The man upon his weary back
A coffin bore of rudest frame.

"Why, who art thou?" exclaimed the king,
"And what is that I see thee bear?"
"I am a laborer in the wood,
And 't is a coffin for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting-lodge
You may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again,
And I for him must dig the soil."

The laborer ne'er had seen the king,
And this he thought was but a man,
Who made at first a moment's pause,
And then anew his talk began:
"I think I do remember now, —
He had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his slender arm
With wondrous blows the pickaxe ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident
Can thus have killed our good Pierre?"
"O, nothing more than usual, sir,
He died of living upon air.
'T was hunger killed the poor good man,
Who long on empty hopes relied;
He could not pay gabell and tax,
And feed his children, so he died."

The man stopped short, and then went on, —
"It is, you know, a common thing;
Our children's bread is eaten up
By courtiers, mistresses, and king."
The king looked hard upon the man,
And afterwards the coffin eyed,
Then spurred to ask of Pompadour
How came it that the peasants died.

John Sterling.

Sens.

LA ROSE DE SENS.

ROSE de Sens, I saw you blooming
By the gray cathedral door,
When the shadows of the morning
Fell athwart the marble floor;
And the marketwomen softly
Up the pillared aisles did pass,
With their caps as white as snowdrift,
On their way to early Mass.

But the pavement of the market
Was alight with every hue
Which the darling flowers could muster,
As they trimmed their lamps anew!
'T was an early day in April
When I bought the precious thing;
But the beauty of the blossoms
Made a summer of the spring!

Rose de Sens, we bore you softly,
As the sunnier days came on,
Far from your native meadows,
In the valley of the Yonne;
From the turret, slim and dainty,
Which the wheeling swallows haunt;
From the mighty, massive minster,
With its slow Gregorian chant;

From the adamantine causeway,
With its mosses overgrown;
From the yellow, perfumed wallflower,
Set in crannies of the stone;
From the fragments of the ramparts,
Half of Rome and half of Gaul,
Which beat back the foes of Clovis
From their vast embattled wall;

From the poplars on the island,
In the broad, unburdened stream,
Where the English exile, Thomas,
May have dreamed prophetic dream
Of those distant Kentish meadows,
Where, at scarce a later day,
His own tomb should be the altar,
Where half Europe flocked to pray.

I have put you in my garden
On the hills above the Seine,
Where many dainty roses
Drink their fill of summer rain;
But whatever be their beauty
Or how rare soe'er they be,
There 's not a rose among them
That can tell your tale to me!

Bessie Rayner Parkes.

Sorgues, the River.

LAURA DE SADE.

THE nymph by Sorga's humble murmurings born,
Illustrious now on wings of glory soars;
Her high renown its awful echo pours
Wide o'er the earth. Splendors like these adorn
Her, destined, in her modest beauty's morn,
To charm the eye of Petrarch. Her the doors
Of fame's proud dome enshrine; the radiant stores
Of fancy blaze around her; nor does scorn
On her low birthplace and obscurer tomb
Glance a triumphant scowl. What suns illume
With lustre like the Muse? How many dames,
Wise, chaste, and lovely, of distinguished race,
Have slept in death forgotten, lost their names,
While hers from age to age beams with still heightened grace.

Jacopo Sannazzaro. Tr. Capel Lofft.

Toulon.

TOULON.

OUR captain was Bailly Suffren;
We had sailed from Toulon,
Five hundred seafaring Provençaux,
Stout-hearted and strong:

'T was the sweet hope of meeting the English that made
our hearts burn,
And till we had thrashed them we vowed we would
never return.

But all the first month of our cruise
We saw never a thing
From the shrouds, save hundreds and hundreds
Of gulls on the wing;
And in the next dolorous month we 'd a tempest to
fight,
And had to be bailing out water by day and by night.

By the third, we were driven to madness
At meeting no foe
For our thundering cannon to sweep
From the ocean. When lo!
"Hands aloft!" Captain cried. At the maintop one
heard the command,
And the long Arab coast on the lee-bow intently he
scanned.

Till, "God's thunder!" he cried. "Three big
vessels
Bear down on us strong;
Run the guns to the ports! Blaze away!"
Shouted Bailly Suffren.
"Sharp, lads! Of our Antibes figs we will give them
a taste,
And see how they like those," Captain said, "ere we
offer the rest!"

A crash fit to deafen! Before
The words left his lips
We had sent forty balls through the hulls
Of the Englishers' ships!
One was done for already. And now the guns only heard we,
The cracking of wood and perpetual groan of the sea.

And now we were closing. O, rapture!
We lay alongside,
And our gallant commander stood cool
On the deck, and he cried,
"Well done, my brave boys! But enough! Cease your firing, I say,
For the time has come now to anoint them with oil of Aix."

Then we sprang to our dirks and our hatchets,
As they had been toys;
And, grapnel in hand, the Provençal
Cried, "Board 'em, my boys!"
A shout and a leap, and we stood on the Englishers' deck;
And then, ah, 't was then we were ready our vengeance to wreak!

Then, O, the great slaughter! The crash
Of the mainmast ensuing!
And the blows and the turmoil of men
Fighting on mid the ruin!

More than one wild Provençal I saw seize a foe in his place,
And hug till he strained his own life out in deadly embrace.

So with blood-dabbled feet fought we on
Four hours, until dark.
Then, our eyes being cleared of the powder,
We missed from our bark
Fivescore men. But the king of the English lost ships of renown:
Three good vessels with all hands on board to the bottom went down.

And now, our sides riddled with shot,
Once more homeward hie we,
Yards splintered, masts shivered, sails tattered;
But brave Captain Bailly
Spake us words of good cheer. "My comrades, ye have done well!
To the great king of Paris the tale of your valor I 'll tell!"

"Well said, Captain dear!" we replied:
"Sure the king will hear you
When you speak. But for us, his poor mariners,
What will he do, —
Who left our all gladly, our homes and our firesides," we said,
"For his sake, and lo! now in those homes there is crying for bread?

"Ah, Admiral, never forget
When all bow before you,
With a love like the love of your seamen
None will adore you!
Why, say but the word, and, ere homeward our footsteps we turn,
Aloft on the tips of our fingers a king you are borne!"

A Martigau, mending his nets
One eve, made this ditty.
Our admiral bade us farewell,
And sought the great city.
Were they wroth with his glory up there at the court?
Who can say?
But we saw our beloved commander no more from that day!

Frédéric Mistral. Tr. Harriet W. Preston.

Touraine.

A NIGHT JOURNEY.

A FLASH of steam, a dash of light
Through the black centre of the night,
With shriek and whirlwind goes the train
Across the slopes of sweet Touraine.

And o'er fair Europe's shadowy face
A hundred more their errand trace,
And night surveys them, calm and free,
To her as little as to me.

But from that one of all that roll,
A vision lightens on the soul,
Where love is on her way to bring
Love's sweetness to the sorrowing.

Through year-long hours of hope and woe
She sits and waits, till dawning show
The stately terraces that crown
The level waves of broad Garonne.

Her heart is gone before her there,
And sees the room and empty chair,
And one who on the death-bed lies,
And prays to see her ere she dies.

O Love, that sits so white and still!
I think and think upon her, till
My heart is with her heart again,
Crossing the slopes of sweet Touraine.

Francis Turner Palgrave.

Tours.

JOHN OF TOURS.

JOHN of Tours is back with peace,
But he comes home ill at ease.

"Good morrow, mother." "Good morrow, son;
Your wife has borne you a little one."

"Go now, mother, go before,
Make me a bed upon the floor;

"Very low your foot must fall,
That my wife hear not at all."

As it neared the midnight toll,
John of Tours gave up his soul.

"Tell me, now, my mother my dear,
What 's the crying that I hear?"

"Daughter, it 's the children wake
Crying with their teeth that ache."

"Tell me though, my mother my dear,
"What 's the knocking that I hear?"

"Daughter, it 's the carpenter
Mending planks upon the stair."

"Tell me, too, my mother my dear,
What 's the singing that I hear?"

"Daughter, it 's the priests in rows
Going round about our house."

"Tell me then, my mother my dear,
What 's the dress that I should wear?"

"Daughter, any reds or blues,
But the black is most in use."

"Nay, but say, my mother my dear,
Why do you fall weeping here?"

"O, the truth must be said, —
It 's that John of Tours is dead."

"Mother, let the sexton know
That the grave must be for two;

"Ay, and still have room to spare,
For you must shut the baby there."

Old French. Tr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Vannes.

THE MIRRORS.

EACH Pierrot, on taking leave of his Marie, when the fête is concluded presents her with a bouquet, which is only sold on that occasion. It is composed of artificial flowers of fanciful shapes, whose cup is formed of a pearl, made of looking-glass, and little convex mirrors are disposed between the leaves and flowers. These bouquets are religiously preserved, by the young girls, as they are often a pledge of proposed marriage at All-Saints or Christmas. They are placed at the head of their beds, and are frequently looked at with great interest to see if the little mirrors remain untarnished, as, otherwise, it is a proof of the infidelity of the youth who was the giver of the tell-tale treasure. — *A Summer among the Bocages.*

LISTEN all and listen long
To the minstrel's latest song;
'T is of Mary whom ye knew,
Flower that in our hamlet grew.

Oft her mother said apart,
"Mary, O, how fair thou art!"

"Ah! what boots it being fair?
Happier other maidens are!
I am withering on the stem,
For I may not wed, like them.
When the apple's tender cheek
Blushes with its rosy streak,
It is sought and gathered free;
But, if left upon the tree,
Soon 't will perish and decay,
And, like me, will fade away!"

"Pretty child, lament no more,
Wait but till a year be o'er."

"If I die before the year
Thou wilt shed the fruitless tear.
Build a tomb, if I should die,
On it let three nosegays lie;
One must be of roses' sheen,
And the rest of laurel green.
When two lovers pass that way
Tender grief their hearts shall move;
Each shall choose a flower, and say,
'T is her grave who died for love:
For around her shining hair
Was no marriage garland tied,
No bright mirrors, glittering there,
Bade us hail her as a bride!'

"Ah! no bell for me shall sound,
Place me not in hallowed ground:

Dig my grave beside the way,
Never priest a prayer shall say:
None the flower-strewn grave shall see
Of a wretch who died like me!"

Anon. Tr. Louisa Stuart Costello.

Vaucluse.

ODE TO VAUCLUSE.

CLEAR, fresh, and dulcet streams,
Which the fair shape who seems
To me sole woman, haunted at noontide;
Fair bough, so gently fit,
(I sigh to think of it,)
Which lent a pillar to her lovely side;
And turf, and flowers bright-eyed,
O'er which her folded gown
Flowed like an angel's down;
And you, O holy air and hushed,
Where first my heart at her sweet glances gushed;
Give ear, give ear with one consenting,
To my last words, my last, and my lamenting.

If 't is my fate below,
And heaven will have it so,
That love must close these dying eyes in tears,
May my poor dust be laid

In middle of your shade,
While my soul naked mounts to its own spheres.
The thought would calm my fears,
When taking, out of breath,
The doubtful step of death;
For never could my spirit find
A stiller port after the stormy wind;
Nor in more calm, abstracted bourne,
Slip from my travailled flesh, and from my bones outworn.

Perhaps, some future hour,
To her accustomed bower
Might come the untamed, and yet the gentle she;
And where she saw me first,
Might turn with eyes athirst
And kinder joy to look again for me;
Then, O the charity!
Seeing amidst the stones
The earth that held my bones,
A sigh for very love at last
Might ask of heaven to pardon me the past:
And heaven itself could not say nay,
As with her gentle veil she wiped the tears away.

How well I call to mind,
When from those boughs the wind
Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower;
And there she sat, meek-eyed,
In midst of all that pride,
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous shower.

Some to her hair paid dower,
And seemed to dress the curls
Queenlike, with gold and pearls;
Some, snowing, on her drapery stopped,
Some on the earth, some on the water dropped;
While others, fluttering from above,
Seemed wheeling round in pomp, and saying, "Here reigns Love."
How often then I said,
Inward, and filled with dread,
"Doubtless this creature came from paradise!"
For at her look the while,
Her voice, and her sweet smile,
And heavenly air, truth parted from mine eyes;
So that, with long-drawn sighs,
I said, as far from men,
"How came I here, and when!"
I had forgotten; and alas!
Fancied myself in heaven, not where I was;
And from that time till this I bear
Such love for the green bower I cannot rest elsewhere.

Francesco Petrarca. Tr. Leigh Hunt.

PETRARCH'S SONNETS ON VAUCLUSE.

I.

HE LEAVES VAUCLUSE, BUT HIS SPIRIT REMAINS THERE WITH LAURA.

THE loved hills where I left myself behind,
Whence ever 't was so hard my steps to tear,
Before me rise; at each remove I bear

The dear load to my lot by Love consigned.
Often I wonder inly in my mind,
That still the fair yoke holds me, which despair
Would vainly break, that yet I breathe this air;
Though long the chain, its links but closer bind.
And as a stag, sore struck by hunter's dart,
Whose poisoned iron rankles in his breast,
Flies and more grieves the more the chase is pressed,
So I, with Love's keen arrow in my heart,
Endure at once my death and my delight,
Racked with long grief, and weary with vain flight.

Tr. Macgregor.

II.

VAUCLUSE.

NOWHERE before could I so well have seen
Her whom my soul most craves since lost to view;
Nowhere in so great freedom could have been
Breathing my amorous lays 'neath skies so blue;
Never with depths of shade so calm and green
A valley found for lover's sigh more true;
Methinks a spot so lovely and serene
Love not in Cyprus nor in Gnidos knew.
All breathes one spell, all prompts and prays that I
Like them should love, — the clear sky, the calm hour,
Winds, waters, birds, the green bough, the gay flower, —
But thou, beloved, who call'st me from on high,
By the sad memory of thine early fate,
Pray that I hold the world and these sweet snares in hate.

Tr. Macgregor.

III.

HE ESTEEMS EVERYTHING HAPPY THAT SURROUNDS LAURA'S HABITATION.

BRIGHT happy flowers! and herb so bounteous fed,
O'er which my Laura's modelled foot hath stept:
Ye meads! that have her words' sweet music kept,
Nor yet restored the impress of her tread:
Unfettered shrubs! ye leaves so freshly shed!
Pale violets! where Love hath fondly crept;
Ye woods! whose shade doth Phœbus intercept,
And in his stolen beams so proudly spread!
Sweet landscape! stream! that doth so purely roam,
From laving oft her beauteous face and eyes,
Thou wanderest clear in their reflected light:
I envy ye, so near her modest home!
No rock among ye habit's law defies,
But owns alike the flame my soul doth blight.

Tr. Susan Wallaston.

IV.

VAUCLUSE HAS BECOME TO HIM A SCENE OF PAIN.

TO every sound, save sighs, this air is mute,
When from rude rocks, I view the smiling land
Where she was born, who held my life in hand
From its first bud till blossoms turned to fruit:
To heaven she 's gone, and I 'm left destitute
To mourn her loss, and cast around in pain
These wearied eyes, which, seeking her in vain

Where'er they turn, o'erflow with grief acute;
There 's not a root or stone amongst these hills,
Nor branch nor verdant leaf midst these soft glades,
Nor in the valley flowery herbage grows,
Nor liquid drop the sparkling fount distils,
Nor savage beast that shelters in these shades,
But knows how sharp my grief, how deep my woes.

Tr. Wrottesley.

V.

ON HIS RETURN TO VAUCLUSE AFTER LAURA'S DEATH.

VALLEY, which long hast echoed with my cries;
Stream, which my flowing tears have often fed;
Beasts, fluttering birds, and ye who in the bed
Of Cabrieres' wave display your speckled dyes;
Air, hushed to rest and softened by my sighs;
Dear path, whose mazes lone and sad I tread;
Hill of delight, — though now delight is fled, —
To rove whose haunts Love still my foot decoys;
Well I retain your old unchanging face!
Myself how changed! in whom, for joy's light throng,
Infinite woes their constant mansion find!
Here bloomed my bliss; and I your tracks retrace,
To mark whence upward to her heaven she sprung,
Leaving her beauteous spoil, her robe of flesh behind!

Tr. Francis Wrangham.

VI.

HE REVISITS VAUCLUSE.

ONCE more, ye balmy gales, I feel you blow;
Again, sweet hills, I mark the morning beams
Gild your green summits; while your silver streams
Through vales of fragrance undulating flow.
But you, ye dreams of bliss, no longer here
Give life and beauty to the glowing scene;
For stern remembrance stands where you have been,
And blasts the verdure of the blooming year.
O Laura! Laura! in the dust with thee,
Would I could find a refuge from despair!
Is this thy boasted triumph, Love, to tear
A heart thy coward malice dares not free;
And bid it live, while every hope is fled,
To weep, among the ashes of the dead?

Tr. Anne Bannerman.

VII.

TO VAUCLUSE.

FORTUNATE vale! exulting hill, dear plain,
Where morn and eve my soul's fair idol strayed,
While all your winds that murmured through the glade
Stole her sweet breath; yet, yet, your paths retain
Prints of her step by fount, whose floods remain
In depth unfathomed, mid the rocks that shade,
With caverned arch, their sleep. Ye streams, that played

Around her limbs in summer's ardent reign,
The soft resplendence of those azure eyes
Tinged ye with living light. The envied claim
These blest distinctions give, my lyre, my sighs,
My songs record, and from their poet's flame
Bid thy wild vale, its rocks and streams arise,
Associates still of their bright mistress' fame.

Tr. Anna Seward.

THE FOUNTAIN AT VAUCLUSE.

NOT far removed, yet hid from distant eyes,
Low in her secret grot, a Naiad lies.
Steep, arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem and native throne:
There in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
Yet, when the waking flowers of April blow,
And warmer sunbeams melt the gathered snow,
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains;
Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies;
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar,
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam,
From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,
And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride,
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains,
And crown the labor of the joyful swains.

First, on these banks, (ah, dream of short delight!)
The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight;
Charms that the bliss of Eden might restore,
That heaven might envy, and mankind adore.
I saw, — and O, what heart could long rebel?
I saw, I loved, and bade the world farewell.
Where'er she moved, the meads were fresh and gay,
And every bower exhaled the sweets of May;
Smooth flowed the streams, and softly blew the gale;
The rising flowers impurpled every dale;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene:
But when in death's cold arms entranced she lay,
(Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day!)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead;
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew;
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.

Sir William Jones.

TO VALCLUSA.

WHAT though, Valclusa, the fond bard be fled,
That wooed his fair in thy sequestered bowers,
Long loved her living, long bemoaned her dead,
And hung her visionary shrine with flowers!
What though no more he teach thy shades to mourn
The hapless chances that to love belong,
As erst, when drooping o'er her turf forlorn,
He charmed wild Echo with his plaintive song.
Yet still, enamored of the tender tale,

Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
Yet still soft music breathes in every gale,
Still undecayed the fairy garlands bloom,
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
Still Petrarch's Genius weeps o'er Laura's tomb.

Thomas Russell.

Vernier.

VERNIER.

IF ever thou shalt follow silver Seine
Through his French vineyards and French villages,
O, for the love of pity, turn aside
At Vernier, and bear to linger there!
The gentle river doth so, — lingering long
Round the dark moorland and the pool Grand'mer,
And then with slower ripple steals away
Down from his merry Paris. Do thou this;
'T is kind and piteous to bewail the dead, —
The joyless, sunless dead; and these lie there,
Buried full fifty fathoms in the pool,
Whose rough dark wave is closed above their grave,
Like the black cover of an ancient book
Over a tearful story.

* * * * *

"Come away," she cries,
"Thou knight, and take me from them all for thine.
Come, true-love, come." The pebbles, water-washed,

Grate with the gliding of the shallop's keel,
Scarce bearing up those twain.
Frail boat, be strong!
Three lives are thine to keep, — ah, lady pale,
Choose of two lovers, for the other comes
With a wild bound that shakes the rotten plank.
Moon! shine out fair for an avenging blow!
She glitters on a quiet face and form
That shuns it not, but stays the lifted death.
"My brother Roland!" "Claude, dear brother mine!"
"I thought thee dead." "I would that I had died
Ere this had come." "Nay, God! but she is thine!"
"He wills her not for either: look, we fill,
The current drifts us, and the oars are gone,
I will leap forth." "Now by the breast we sucked,
So shalt thou not: let the black waters break
Over a broken heart." "Nay, tell him no;
Bid him save thee, Julie, — I will leap!"
So strove they sinking, sinking, — Julie bending
Between them; and those brothers over her
With knees and arms close locked for leave to die
Each for the other; and the moon shone down,
Silvering their far-off home, and the great wave
That struck, and rose, and floated over them,
Hushing their death-cries, hiding their kind strife,
Ending the earnest love of three great hearts
With silence, and the splash of even waves.

* * * * *

Edwin Arnold.

Versailles.

THE POMPADOUR.

VERSAILLES! — Up the chestnut alley,
All in flower, so white and pure,
Strut the red and yellow lacqueys
Of this Madame Pompadour.

"Clear the way!" cry out the lacqueys,
Elbowing the lame and poor
From the chapel's stately porches, —
"Way for Madame Pompadour!"

Old bent soldiers, crippled veterans,
Sigh and hobble, sad, footsore,
Jostled by the chariot-horses
Of this woman — Pompadour.

Through the levée (poet, marquis,
Wistful for the opening door),
With a rippling sweep of satin,
Sailed the queenly Pompadour.

Sighs by dozens, as she proudly
Glides, so confident and sure,
With her fan that breaks through halberds,—
In went Madame Pompadour.

Starving abbé, wounded marshal,
Speculator, lean and poor,

Cringe and shrink before the creatures
Of this harlot Pompadour.

"Rose in sunshine! Summer lily!"
Cries a poet at the door,
Squeezed and trampled by the lacqueys
Of the witching Pompadour.

"Bathed in milk and fed on roses!"
Sighs a pimp behind the door,
Jammed and bullied by the courtiers
Of this strumpet Pompadour.

"Rose of Sharon!" chants an abbé,
Fat and with the voice of four,
Black silk stockings soiled by varlets
Of this Rahab Pompadour.

"Neck so swan-like, — *Dea certe!*
Fit for monarchs to adore!"
"Clear the way!" was still the echo,
"For this Venus — Pompadour."

Open! — with the jar of thunder
Fly the portals, — clocks strike four:
With a burst of drums and trumpets
Come the King and Pompadour.

Walter Thornbury.

ADDRESS TO THE ORANGE-TREE AT VERSAILLES,

CALLED THE GREAT BOURBON, WHICH IS ABOVE FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

WHEN France with civil wars was torn,
And heads, as well as crowns, were shorn
From royal shoulders,
One Bourbon, in unaltered plight,
Hath still maintained its regal right,
And held its court, — a goodly sight
To all beholders.

Thou, leafy monarch, thou alone,
Hast sat uninjured on thy throne,
Seeing the war range;
And when the great Nassaus were sent
Crownless away, (a sad event!)
Thou didst uphold and represent
The House of Orange.

To tell what changes thou hast seen,
Each grand monarque, and king and queen,
Of French extraction,
Might puzzle those who don't conceive
French history, so I believe
Comparing thee with ours will give
More satisfaction.

Westminster Hall, whose oaken roof
The papers say (but that 's no proof)

Is nearly rotten,
Existed but in stones and trees,
When thou wert waving in the breeze,
And blossoms (what a treat for bees!)
By scores hadst gotten.

Chaucer, so old a bard that time
Has antiquated every chime,
And from his tomb outworn each rhyme
Within the Abbey;
And Gower, an older poet whom
The Borough Church enshrines (his tomb,
Though once restored, has lost its bloom,
And got quite shabby,)

Lived in thy time, — the first perchance
Was beating monks when thou in France
By monks wert beaten,
Who shook beneath this very tree
Their reverend beards, with glutton glee,
As each down-falling luxury
Was caught and eaten.

Perchance when Henry gained the fight
Of Agincourt, some Gaulish knight,
(His bleeding steed in woful plight,
With smoking haunches,)
Laid down his helmet at thy root,
And, as he plucked the grateful fruit,
Suffered his poor exhausted brute
To crop thy branches.

Thou wert of portly size and look,
When first the Turks besieged and took
Constantinople;
And eagles in thy boughs might perch,
When, leaving Bullen in the lurch,
Another Henry changed his church,
And used the Pope ill.

What numerous namesakes hast thou seen
Lounging beneath thy shady green,
With monks as lazy;
Louis Quatorze has pressed that ground,
With his six mistresses around, —
A sample of the old and sound
Legitimacy.

And when despotic freaks and vices
Brought on the inevitable crisis
Of revolution,
Thou heard'st the mob's infuriate shriek,
Who came their victim queen to seek,
On guiltless heads the wrath to wreak
Of retribution.

O, of what follies, vice, and crime,
Hast thou in thine eventful time
Been made beholder!
What wars, what feuds, — the thoughts appall!
Each against each, and all with all,
Till races upon races fall,
In earth to moulder.

Whilst thou, serene, unaltered, calm,
(Such are the constant gifts and balm
Bestowed by Nature!)
Hast year by year renewed thy flowers,
And perfumed the surrounding bowers,
And poured down grateful fruit by showers,
And proffered shade in summer hours
To man and creature.

Thou green and venerable tree!
Whate'er the future doom may be,
By fortune given,
Remember that a rhymester brought
From foreign shores thine umbrage sought,
Recalled the blessings thou hadst wrought,
And, as he thanked thee, raised his thought
To heaven!

Horace Smith.

ON THREE STEPS OF ROSE-COLORED MARBLE.

SINCE erst that garden, known to fame,
Was lost by Adam, — cruel man! —
Where without a skirt his dame
Round an apple frisked and ran,
I do not think that on this earth,
Mid its most notable plantations,
Has been a spot more praised, more famed,
More choice, more cited, oftener named,
Than thy most tedious park, Versailles!
O gods! O shepherds! rocky vales!

O sulky Termes, satyrs old!
O pleasing scenes! O charming views!
Sweet landscape, where one may behold,
Ranged onion-wise, the little yews;
O quincunx! fountain, bowling-green,
Where every summer Sabbath-e'en,
On pleasure bent, one yawning sees
So many honest families.
And ye, imperial Roman shades!
Ye naiads, pale and stony maids,
Holding your hands outstretched to all
And shivering in your waterfall!
Stiles, modelled in obliging bushes;
Ye formal groves, wherein the thrushes
Seek plaintively their native cry;
Ye water-gods, who vainly try
Beneath your fountains to be dry;
Ye chestnut-trees, be not afraid
That I shall vex your ancient shade,
Knowing that at sundry times
I have perpetrated rhymes:
No such ruthless thought is mine.
No! I swear it by Apollo,
I swear it by the sacred Nine,
By nymphs within their basins hollow,
Who softly on three flints recline,
By yon old faun, quaint dancing-master,
Who trips it on the sward in plaster,
By thee thyself, august abode,
Who know'st save Art no other guest,
I swear by Neptune, watery god,

My verses shall not break your rest!
I know too well what is the matter;
The god of song has plagued you sore;
The poets, with their ceaseless chatter,
You brood in mournful silence o'er;
So many madrigals and odes,
Songs, ballads, sonnets, and epodes,
In which your wonders have been sung
Your tired ears have sadly wrung,
Until you slumber to the chimes
Of these interminable rhymes.

Amid these haunts where dwells ennui
For mere conformity I slept,
Or 't was not sleep that o'er me crept,
If, dreaming, one awake may be.
O, say, my friend, do you recall
Three marble steps, of rosy hue,
Upon your way toward the lake,
When that delicious path you take
That leads the orangery through,
Left-turning from the palace wall?
I would wager it was here
Came the monarch without peer,
In the sunset, red and clear,
Down the forest dim to see
Day take flight and disappear, —
If the day could so forget
What was due to etiquette.
But what pretty steps are those!
Cursed be the foot, said we,

That would stain their tints of rose, —
Say, do you remember yet?

With what soft shades is clouded o'er
This defaced and broken floor!
See the veins of azure deep
Through the paler rose-tints creep;
Trace the slender, branching line
In the marble, pure and fine;
So through huntress Dian's breast
White and firm as Alpine snows,
The celestial ichor flows;
Such the hand, and still more cold,
Led me leashed in days of old.
Don't confound these steps so rare
With that other staircase where
The monarch grand, who could not wait,
Waited on Condé, stair by stair,
When he came with weary gait,
War-worn and victorious there.
Near a marble vase are these,
Of graceful shape and white as snow,
Whether 't is classic or Chinese,
Antique or modern, others know.
I leave the question in their hands;
It is not Gothic, I can swear;
Much I like it where it stands,
Worthy vase, and neighbor kind,
And to think it I 'm inclined
Cousin to my rosy stair,
Guarding it with jealous care.

O, to see in such small space
So much beauty, so much grace!

Lovely staircase, tell us true,
How many princes, prelates proud,
Kings, marquises, — a pompous crowd, —
And ladies fair, have swept o'er you?
Ah, these last, as I should guess,
Did not vex thee with their state,
Nor didst thou groan beneath the weight
Of ermine cloak or velvet dress:
Tell us of that ambitious band
Whose dainty footstep lightest fell;
Was it the regal Montespan?
Hortense, a novel in her hand?
De Maintenon, with beads to tell?
Or gay Fontanges, with knot and fan?
Didst ever look on La Vallière?
And tell us, marble, if you can,
Which of the twain you thought most fair —
De Parabère or De Sabran?
'Twixt Sabran and De Parabère
The very Regent could not choose
When supper did his wits confuse.
Didst ever see the great Voltaire,
Who waged such war on superstition,
Who to defy the Christ did dare;
He, who aspired to the position
Of sexton to Cytherea's fane,
When to the Pompadour he brought
His compliments, and fulsome strain,

The holy water of the court.
Hast beheld the plump Dubarry
Accoutred like a country lass,
Sipping milk, beside thee tarry,
Or tripping barefoot through the grass?

Stones who know our country's story,
What a variegated throng
In your bygone days of glory
Down your steps have swept along!
The gay world lounged beneath these trees,
Lords and lackeys drank the breeze;
There was every sort of cattle;
O the duchesses! the tattle,
O the brave red heels that dangled
Round the ladies, flounced and spangled!
O the gossip! O the sighs!
O the flash of brilliant eyes!
O the feathers! O the stoles!
O the powder on their polls!
O the furbelows and breeches
Underneath those spreading beeches!
How many folk — not counting fools —
By the ancient fountain-pools!
Ah! it was the good old time
Of the periwig sublime;
Lives the cockney who dares grudge
One iota of its state,
He deserves, as I adjudge,
On his thick plebeian pate
Now and evermore to wear

Other ornament than hair.
Century of mocking wood,
Age of powder and of paste,
He who does not find thee good
Writes himself devoid of taste,
Lacking sentiment, and stupid,
Votary abhorred by Cupid.
Rosy marble, is 't not so?
Yet, despite myself, I trow
Though here thy fate is fixed by chance,
Other destiny was thine;
Far away from cloudy France,
Where a warmer sun doth shine,
Near some temple, Greek or Latin,
The fair daughters of the clime
With the scent of heath and thyme
Clinging to their sandalled feet,
Treading thee in rhythmic dance,
Were a burden far more sweet
Than court-ladies, shod with satin.
Could it be for this alone
Nature formed thee in the earth,
In whose beauteous, virgin stone
Genius might have wrought a birth
Every age had joyed to own?
When with trowel and with spade
In this muddy, modern park
Thou in solemn state wert laid,
Then the outraged gods might mark
What the times had brought about, —
Mansard, in his triumph, flout
Praxiteles' injured shade

There should have come forth of thee
Some new-born divinity.
When the marble-cutters hewed
Through thy noble block their way,
They broke in, with footsteps rude,
Where a Venus sleeping lay;
And the goddess' wounded veins
Colored thee with roseate stains.

Alfred de Musset. Tr. S. B. W.

TO MY BROOKLET.

THOU brooklet, all unknown to song,
Hid in the covert of the wood!
Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng,
Like thee I love the solitude.

O brooklet, let my sorrows past
Lie all forgotten in their graves,
Till in my thoughts remain at last
Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy waves.

The lily by thy margin waits,
The nightingale, the marguerite;
In shadow here he meditates
His nest, his love, his music sweet.

Near thee the self-collected soul
Knows naught of error or of crime;
Thy waters, murmuring as they roll,
Transform his musings into rhyme.

Ah, when, on bright autumnal eves,
Pursuing still thy course, shall I
List the soft shudder of the leaves,
And hear the lapwing's plaintive cry?

* * * * *

My humble brooklet, by thy flight,
Since life, alas! so soon is gone,
Often remind thine eremite
How swift the stream of Time flows on.

Jean-François Ducis. Tr. Anon.

Vire.

VAU DE VIRE.

I SAW, where Vire through valleys flows,
The fulling-mills in ruins laid,
The mills from which our songs arose;
And, mourning the past time, I said:—
"Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The source of many a drinking-air?"

The traffic of our sires of yore
Was in the cloth they made and sold.
Good Basselin (alas, no more!)
With them his joyous music trolled.
Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The source of many a drinking-air?

In mills that fulled their drapery,
Where that bright river's currents pass,
They deeply drank, in jollity,
Cider worth more than hypocras.
Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The source of many a drinking-air?

Basselin framed their drinking-lays,
As Vaux-de-Vire so widely known;
And taught a thousand charming ways
Of singing their melodious tone.
Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The source of many a drinking-air?

But to that good old time a close.
To all things human cometh rest!
Within me, wine! take thy repose:
May he who poured thee out be blest!
Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The source of many a drinking-air?

Jean le Houx. Tr. J. P. Muirhead.

VAUDEVILLE.

SONG, wine, mirth, in olden days
Did our fathers cheer;
Basselin unwritten lays
Improvised by ear;
Vocal stanzas, very sweet,
Which they ever since repeat
In the Val de Vire,
O gay!
In the Val de Vire.

Cradled there, of yore, in sedge,
Was old Vaudevire;
Born beside the water's edge, —
Cruel tale to hear!
But he all the better trolled
Love that 's young, and wine that 's old,
In the Val de Vire,
O gay!
In the Val de Vire.

With an artful fancy born,
Self-willed child was he;
He resolved to go, one morn,
Paris town to see;
He left off his Norman name,
One of noble rank to claim,
Maître Vaudeville,
O gay!
Maître Vaudeville.

There he of satiric sport
Caught the taste and style;
His fine talent town and court
Often would beguile,
And, with sharply pointed wit,
Frondeurs, Mazarins, would hit:
That good Vaudeville,
O gay!
That good Vaudeville.

Next the great King's feats employ
His song's plastic mould;
La Vallière and Villeroy,

Love and Fame he told;
All that stately age went past,
His peruke there dancing fast
To wine-music old,
O gay!
To wine-music old.

In La Pompadour's sunshine,
Fashioned in her school,
France, of joy, and love, and wine,
Frantic, served the rule;
He, beneath the lively sway
Of the volatile Collé,
Played in song the fool,
O gay!
Played in song the fool.

But at Paris the grand thing
Is dramatic wit:
Going on the stage to sing,
He made quite a hit;
And, not fearing hiss or groan,
Stanzas in unfaltering tone
Spouted to a pit,
O gay!
Spouted to a pit.

All the theatre he had
Was La Foire awhile;
All the audience, folks glad
Just to drink and smile:

With Panard, in frankest ways,
He sang rustic roundelays,
Aping no fine style,
O gay!
Aping no fine style.

When a theatre his name
Owned, in times of late,
He retained his tone the same,
And changed not his state:
With Merle and Desaugiers,
And a host as good as they,
Quite regenerate,
O gay!
Quite regenerate.

True to early days, he trolled
Songs of love and fame,—
Sang of wines of vintage old,
And Love's youngest flame.
To his deft Horatian stave
Violins sweet music gave,
Cruel girls to shame,
O gay!
Cruel girls to shame.

But at length did Scribe appear;
Master-mind was he
Higher the stage-tone to rear,
Erst too light and free.

On the next page you will learn
How he gave a novel turn
To old Vaudeville,
O gay!
To old Vaudeville.
Francisque Sarcey. Tr. J. P. Muirhead.

VIRE.

IT is good to rhyming go
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!
For a poet of Normandy the Low
It is good to rhyming go!
One is inspired and all aglow
With the old singers of voice so pure.
It is good to rhyming go
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!

Do you know one Thomas Sonnet?
He was a medical man of Vire;
And turned very well a roundelay,
Do you know this Thomas Sonnet?
To the sick he used to say,
"Never drink bad wine, my dear!"
Do you know this Thomas Sonnet?
He was a medical man of Vire.

Do you know one Master Le Houx?
He was an advocate of Vire;
The taste of dry and sweet he knew;

Do you know this Master Le Houx?
From the holly boughs his name he drew
Which as tavern-signs one sees appear.
Do you know this Master Le Houx?
He was an advocate of Vire.

Do you know one Master Olivier?
He was an ancient fuller of Vire;
He only fulled his tub they say;
Do you know this Master Olivier?
As to his trade, it was only play;
He knew how to sing and drink and leer;
Do you know this Master Olivier?
He was an ancient fuller of Vire.

Olivier, Le Houx, Le Sonnet
Are Peace, and Tavern, and Poesy;
Every good rhymer knows to-day
Olivier, Le Houx, Le Sonnet.
Dame Reason throws her cap away
If the rhyme well chosen be;
Olivier, Le Houx, Le Sonnet
Are Peace and Tavern and Poesy.

Vire is a delicious place,
Vire is a little Norman town.
'T is not the home of a godlike race,
Vire is a delicious place;
But what gives it its crowning grace
Is the peace that there comes down.
Vire is a delicious place,
Vire is a little Norman town.

There are taverns by the score,
And solid are the drinkers there.
More than in Evreux of yore,
There are taverns by the score.
One sees there empty brains no more,
But empty glasses everywhere.
There are taverns by the score,
And solid are the drinkers there.

'T is the fresh cradle of the Song,
And mother of the Vaudeville:
Lawyers as cupbearers throng,
'T is the fresh cradle of the Song.
The fullers pierce the puncheons strong,
The doctors drink abroad their fill;
'T is the fresh cradle of the Song,
And mother of the Vaudeville.

It is good to rhyming go
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!
For a poet of Normandy the Low,
It is good to rhyming go!
One is inspired and all aglow
With the old singers of voice so pure.
It is good to rhyming go
From the valleys of Vire to the valleys of Bures!

Gustave Le Vavasseur. Tr. Anon.

OLIVER BASSELIN.

IN the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-sill,
On the stone,
These words alone:
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Château;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter or for show.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,
From the neighboring hillside down
On the rushing and the roar
Of the stream
Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown,
Sang the poet Basselin

Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed;
Only made to be his nest,
All the lovely valley seemed;
No desire
Of soaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud, convivial din,
Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, spur on heel;
But the poet sang for sport

Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells;
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart;
Haunting still
That ancient mill,
In the Valley of the Vire.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Yvetot.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

THERE was a King of Yvetot,
Who, little famed in story,
Went soon to bed, to rise was slow,
And slumbered without glory.
'T was Jenny crowned this jolly chap
With nothing but a cotton cap,
Mayhap.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was he, O la!

Within his thatchéd palace he
Consumed his four meals daily;
He rode about his realm to see,
Upon a donkey, gayly;
Besides his dog, no guard he had,
He hoped for good when things were bad,—
Ne'er sad.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was he, O la!

No costly tastes his soul possessed
Except a taste for drinking,
And kings who make their subjects blest
Should live well, to my thinking.
At table he his taxes got,

From every cask he took a pot
I wot.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was this, O la!

He did not widen his estates
Beyond their proper measure;
A model of all potentates,
His only code was pleasure.
And 't was not till the day he died
His faithful subjects ever sighed,
Or cried.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was he, O la!

This wise and worthy monarch's face
Is still in preservation,
And as a sign it serves to grace
An inn of reputation.
On holidays a joyous rout
Before it pushed their mugs about
And shout.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was he, O la!

Pierre-Jean de Béranger. Tr. John Oxenford.

Yvette, the River.

TO THE RIVER YVETTE.

O LOVELY river of Yvette!
O darling river! like a bride,
Some dimpled, bashful, fair Lisette,
Thou goest to wed the Orge's tide.

Maincourt and lordly Dampierre
See and salute thee on thy way,
And with a blessing and a prayer
Ring the sweet bells of St. Forget.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain
Would hold thee in its fond embrace;
Thou glidest from its arms again
And hurriest on with swifter pace.

Thou wilt not stay; with restless feet
Pursuing still thine onward flight,
Thou goest as one in haste to meet
Her sole desire, her heart's delight.

O lovely river of Yvette!
O darling stream! on balanced wings
Thy wood-birds sang the chansonnette
That here an unknown poet sings.

Henry W. Longfellow.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KING DAGOBERT.

KING DAGOBERT, so stout, —
He wore his breeches wrong side out.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
Unseemly are
The hose you wear."
Then said the king: "That's true," said he;
"But now I 'll turn them right, you 'll see."

* * * * *

King Dagobert, one day,
Put on his coat of green so gay.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "Look, mon roi,
In your best coat
A hole I note."
Then said the king: "That's true," said he;
"But yours is whole, so lend it me."

His stockings, too, were seen
In holes, — by maggots gnawed, I ween.

Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
Just look below,
Your calves you show."
Then said the king: "That's true," said he,
"So please your stockings lend to me."

King Dagobert, so brave,
In winter was not wont to shave.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
You'll get, I hope,
A little soap."
Then said the king: "I will," said he;
"Have you a penny? Lend it me."

King Dagobert, of yore,
He wore his wig hind-part before.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
Your wig 's not right,
You look a fright."
Then said the king: "That 's true," said he;
"You've got a scratch, so lend it me."

King Dagobert, of yore,
His cloak too short in winter wore.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
Your cloak is scant,
New cloth you want."

Then said the king: "That 's true," said he,
"So put on inches two or three."

King Dagobert wrote verse
So ill that nothing could be worse.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
Songs, if you please,
You 'll leave to geese."
Then said the king: "I will," said he,
"So you shall make my songs for me."

King Dagobert, they say,
Near Antwerp went to hunt one day.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
You 're out of breath
And tired to death."
Then said the king: "That 's true," said he,
"A rabbit scampered after me."

King Dagobert, of yore,
A mighty sword of iron wore.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
Ain't you afraid
Of that sharp blade?"
Then said the king: "I am," said he,
"A wooden sword pray give to me."

King Dagobert was sad,
His dogs were with the mange so bad.

Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
To clean each hound
It must be drowned."
Then said the king: "That 's true," said he,
"So drowned with you they all shall be."

King Dagobert, so stout,
When fighting, flung his blows about.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
I fear they will
Your highness kill."
Then said the king: "They may," said he,
"So clap yourself in front of me."

So proud the monarch grew
He thought the world he could subdue,
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
A trip so far
Is full of care."
Then said the king: "That 's true," said he,
"'T is better far at home to be."

King Dagobert of old
Made war although 't was winter cold.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
Your highness' nose
Will soon be froze."

Then said the king: "That 's true," said he,
"So back again at home I 'll be."

One day, so runs the tale,
The king upon the sea would sail.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
If outward bound,
You may be drowned."
Then said the king: "That 's true," said he;
"*Le roi boit*, then, the cry will be."

The good King Dagobert
Was very fond of his dessert.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
More than enough
You cut and stuff."
"Pooh, monsieur," said the king, said he;
"In stuffing you 're a match for me."

King Dagobert the great,
When he had tippled, walked not straight.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
Your footsteps slide
From side to side."
"Pooh, monsieur," said the king, said he;
"When you get drunk, you walk like me."

And when the good king died,
The devil came to his bedside.

Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
You can't do less
Than now confess."
Then said the king: "Alas!" said he,
"Why can't you die instead of me."

Anon. Tr. John Oxenford.

MARLBROOK.

"The famous Duke of Marlborough had been dead sixty years, when, in 1781, the nurse of the Dauphin son of Louis XVI. sang, as she rocked her royal charge, this ballad, the *naïf* and pleasing air of which made a considerable sensation. M. de Chateaubriand, who heard the air sung in the East, was of opinion that it was carried thither in the time of the Crusades. The burlesque words were probably spread about various provinces after the battle of Malplaquet by some of the soldiers of Villars and Boufflers. As early as 1706 verses were composed on Marlborough, which were to be found in the manuscript collection of historical songs (in forty-four volumes), made by M. Maurepas, and deposited in the Royal Library. The nurse's song became all the rage at Versailles, whence it reached Paris, and was soon spread over the whole of France. For four or five years nothing was heard but the burden *Mironton, Mirontaine.* The song was printed upon fans and screens, with an engraving representing the funeral procession of Marlborough, the lady on her tower, the page dressed in black, and so on. This engraving was imitated in all shapes and sizes. It circulated through the streets and villages, and gave the Duke of Marlborough a more popular celebrity than all his victories. Whenever Napoleon mounted his horse to go to battle he hummed the air *Marlbrough s'en va-t-en guerre.* And at St. Helena, shortly before his death, when in the course of a conversation with M. de Las Cases he praised the Duke of Marlborough, the song occurred to his mind, and he said with a smile, which he could not repress, 'What a thing ridicule is! it fastens upon everything, even victory.' He then hummed the air." — *Dumersan and Ségur.*

MARLBROOK has gone to battle, —
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Marlbrook has gone to battle,
But when will he return?

He will return at Easter, —
  Mironton, etc.
He will return at Easter,
  Or else at Trinity.

But Trinity is over, —
  Mironton, etc.
But Trinity is over,
  And yet he is not here.

Madame gets up her castle, —
  Mironton, etc.
Madame gets up her castle,
  As high as she can go.

And there she sees her page-a, —
  Mironton, etc.
And there she sees her page-a,
  In a suit of black he 's clad.

My page, my page, so handsome, —
  Mironton, etc.
My page, my page, so handsome,
  What tidings dost thou bring?

Ah! lady, at my tidings, —
  Mironton, etc.
Ah! lady, at my tidings,
  Your lovely eyes will weep.

Put off your gay pink garment, —
  Mironton, etc.

Put off your gay pink garment,
And likewise your brocade.

Monsieur Marlbrook is dead, —
Mironton, etc.
Monsieur Marlbrook is dead,
He 's dead and buried, too!

Four officers, I saw them, —
Mironton, etc.
Four officers, I saw them,
Have put him under ground.

The first one bore his cuirass,—
Mironton, etc.
The first one bore his cuirass,
The second one his sword.

The third bore his big sabre, —
Mironton, etc.
The third bore his big sabre,
The fourth bore naught at all, —

His tomb they have surrounded.
Mironton, etc.
His tomb they have surrounded
With plants of rose-maree.

The nightingale was singing, —
Mironton, etc.
The nightingale was singing
Upon the topmost branch.

And swiftly through the laurels, —
Mironton, etc.
And swiftly through the laurels
We saw his great soul fly.

Then every one was prostrate, —
Mironton, etc.
Then every one was prostrate,
Till he got up again.

To sing about the battles, —
Mironton, etc.
To sing about the battles
Which great Marlbrook had won.

And when the pomp was ended, —
Mironton, etc.
And when the pomp was ended,
They all retired to rest.

Anon. Tr. John Oxenford.

THE MARQUIS DE CARABAS.

YON proud old Marquis see,
A conquered race, he thinks, are we.
His steed has brought him home,
Once more amongst us has he come.
To his old château
Only see him go:
How the noble lord
Wears his bloodless sword!

Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

"Hear me, ye vassals all,
Castellans, villeins, great and small;
Through me, through me alone,
The king was set upon his throne.
If he should neglect,
All the deep respect
Which I claim, to pay,
Then the deuce I 'll play."
Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

"Though to calumniate
My name, they of a miller prate;
My lineage I trace
To one of Little Pepin's race;
By my arms I know
There is none can show
Such a pedigree,
Not his Majesty."
Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

"Who can resist me, pray?
My lady has the tabouret,
My younger son is sure
At court a mitre to procure;
Then my noble heir,
Who a cross would wear,

Three at least shall have,
Though not over brave."
Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

"In peace I mean to live,
Let none a hint of taxes give;
A gentleman, we know,
Can nothing to his country owe.
Snug in my castle, I
Shall all the world defy;
The prefect soon will find
That I can speak my mind."
Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

"Your battle, priests, we fought,
And so in equity we ought
Your tithes with you to share;
The burden let the people bear.
To us belongs the chace.
The vile plebeian race
For nothing else is fit,
But simply to submit."
Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

"Your duty do, curé,
To me with incense homage pay;
Ye lackeys do your best,
And see the rabble's jackets dressed.

My great forefathers gave
The privilege I have,
And e'en my latest heirs
Shall boast that it is theirs."
Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

Pierre-Jean de Béranger. Tr. John Oxenford.

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

THE original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscript collection of French songs, probably compiled by some young officer, which was found on the field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and blood as sufficiently to indicate what had been the fate of its late owner.

IT was Dunois, the young and brave,
Was bound for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons
Before St. Mary's shrine:
"And grant, immortal queen of heaven,"
Was still the soldier's prayer,
"That I may prove the bravest knight,
And love the fairest fair."

His oath of honor on the shrine
He graved it with his sword,
And followed to the holy land
The banner of his lord;
Where, faithful to his noble vow,
His war-cry filled the air,
"Be honored aye the bravest knight,
Beloved the fairest fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm,
And then his liege-lord said,
"The heart that has for honor beat,
By bliss must be repaid, —
My daughter Isabel and thou
Shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave,
She fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot
Before St. Mary's shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth,
If hearts and hands combine;
And every lord and lady bright
That were in chapel there,
Cried, "Honored be the bravest knight,
Beloved the fairest fair!"

Queen Hortense. Tr. Sir Walter Scott.

THE TROUBADOUR.

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true-love's bower;
Gayly for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he marched with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As faithful to his favorite maid,
The minstrel-burthen still he sung:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hewed his way
Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior-lay;
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still, reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Queen Hortense. Tr. Sir Walter Scott.

FRIAR LUBIN.

TO gallop off to town post-haste,
So oft, the times I cannot tell;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced, —
Friar Lubin will do it well.
But a sober life to lead,
To honor virtue, and pursue it,
That 's a pious, Christian deed, —
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,
The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without a cross or pile,
Friar Lubin stands alone.
To say 't is yours is all in vain,
If once he lays his finger to it;
For as to giving back again
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone,
To woo and win some guileless maid,
Cunning pander need you none, —
Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
But as for water, doth eschew it;
Your dog may drink it, — but not he;
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

Clément Marot. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

NAPOLEON'S LAST LOOK.

"I SHALL never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four o'clock to take the morning watch, when to my astonishment I saw the Emperor come out of the cabin at that early hour and make for the poop ladder. Having gained the deck, pointing to the land, he said, 'Ushant? Cape Ushant?' I replied, 'Yes, Sire,' and withdrew. He then took out a pocket-glass and applied it to his eye, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained from five in the morning to nearly midday, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to one of his suite, which had been standing behind him for several hours. No wonder he thus gazed; it was the last look of the land of his glory, and I am convinced he felt it as such. What must have been his feelings in these few hours!" — *Memoirs of an Aristocrat.*

WHAT of the night, ho! Watcher there
Upon the armed deck,
That holds within its thunderous lair
The last of empire's wreck, —
E'en him whose capture now the chain
From captive earth shall smite;
Ho! rocked upon the moaning main,
Watcher, what of the night?

"The stars are waning fast, the curl
Of morning's coming breeze
Far in the north begins to furl
Night's vapor from the seas.
Her every shred of canvas spread,
The proud ship plunges free,
While bears afar, with stormy head,
Cape Ushant on our lee."

At that last word, as trumpet-stirred,
Forth in the dawning gray
A silent man made to the deck
His solitary way.
And, leaning o'er the poop, he gazed
Till on his straining view
That cloudlike speck of land, upraised,
Distinct, but slowly grew.

Well may he look until his frame
Maddens to marble there;
He risked Renown's all-grasping game,
Dominion or despair,
And lost; and lo! in vapor furled,
The last of that loved France,
For which his prowess cursed the world,
Is dwindling from his glance.

He lives, perchance, the past again,
From the fierce hour when first
On the astounded hearts of men
His meteor-presence burst, —
When blood-besotted Anarchy
Sank quelled amid the roar
Of thy far-sweeping musketry,
Eventful Thermidor!

Again he grasps the victor-crown
Marengo's carnage yields,
Or bursts o'er Lodi, beating down
Bavaria's thousand shields;

Then, turning from the battle-sod,
Assumes the Consul's palm,
Or seizes giant empire's rod
In solemn Notre Dame.

And darker thoughts oppress him now, —
Her ill-requited love,
Whose faith as beauteous as her brow
Brought blessings from above,
Her trampled heart, his darkening star,
The cry of outraged man,
And white-lipped Rout and wolfish War,
Loud thundering on his van.

Rave on, thou far-resounding deep,
Whose billows round him roll!
Thou 'rt calmness to the storms that sweep
This moment o'er his soul.
Black chaos swims before him, spread
With trophy-shaping bones;
The council-strife, the battle-dead,
Rent charters, cloven thrones.

Yet, proud one! could the loftiest day
Of thy transcendent power
Match with the soul-compelling sway
Which in this dreadful hour
Aids thee to hide beneath the show
Of calmest lip and eye
The hell that wars and works below,
The quenchless thirst to die?

The white dawn crimsoned into morn,
The morning flashed to day,
And the sun followed glory-born,
Rejoicing on his way,
And still o'er ocean's kindling flood
That muser cast his view,
While round him awed and silent stood
His fate's devoted few.

O for the sulphureous eve of June,
When down that Belgian hill
His bristling Guards' superb platoon
He led unbroken still!
Now would he pause, and quit their side
Upon destruction's marge,
Nor kinglike share with desperate pride
Their vainly glorious charge?

No, — gladly forward he would dash
Amid that onset on,
Where blazing shot and sabre-crash
Pealed o'er his empire gone;
There, 'neath his vanquished eagles tost,
Should close his grand career,
Girt by his heaped and slaughtered host
He lived, — for fetters here!

Enough, — in noontide's yellow light
Cape Ushant melts away,
Even as his kingdom's shattered might
Shall utterly decay,

Save when his spirit-shaking story,
In years remotely dim,
Warms some pale minstrel with its glory
To raise the song to him.

Bartholomew Simmons.

THE PEOPLE'S REMINISCENCES.

O, MANY a day the straw-thatched cot
Shall echo with his glory!
The humblest shed these fifty years
Shall know no other story.
There shall the idle villagers
To some old dame resort,
And beg her with those good old tales
To make their evenings short.
"What, though they say he did us harm,
Our love this cannot dim;
Come, Granny, talk of him to us;
Come, Granny, talk of him."

"Well, children, with a train of kings,
Once did he pass this spot:
'T was long ago; I had, just then,
Begun to boil the pot.
On foot he climbed the hill, whereon
I watched him on his way;
He wore a small three-cornered hat;
His overcoat was gray.
I trembled, near him, till he said,
'Good day, my dear,' — 't is true."

"O Granny, Granny, did he speak?
What, Granny! speak to you?"

"Next year as I, poor soul, by chance,
Through Paris strolled one day,
I saw him go to Notre Dame,
With all his court so gay.
The crowd were charmed with such a show;
Their hearts were filled with pride;
'What splendid weather for the fête!
Heaven favors him!' they cried.
Softly he smiled, for God had given
To his fond arms a boy."
"O, how much joy you must have felt!
O Granny, how much joy!"

"But when at length our poor Champagne
To strangers fell a prey,
He seemed alone to hold his ground,
And stand in danger's way.
One night, as now, I heard a knock,
And soon the door unbarred;
When, O good God! 't was he himself,
With but a scanty guard.
'Alas, these wars! these wars!' he cried,
Whilst seated in this chair."
"What! Granny, Granny, there he sat?
What! Granny, he sat there?"

"'I 'm hungry,' said he: quick I served
Thin wine and hard brown bread;
He dried his clothes, and by the fire

In sleep reclined his head.
Waking, he saw my tears, and cried,
'Cheer up, good dame; I go
'Neath Paris' walls to strike for France
One last avenging blow.'
He went; and on the glass he used
Such value I have set,
That I have kept it." "What! till now?
You have it, Granny, yet?"

"Here 't is: but 't was the hero's fate
To ruin to be led;
He whom a Pope had crowned, alas!
In a lone isle lies dead.
Long time they deemed it false, and said,
'Soon shall he reappear;
O'er ocean comes he, and the foe
Shall find his master here.'
Ah, what a bitter pang I felt,
When we our error knew!"
"Poor Granny! God will kindly look,
Will kindly look on you."

Pierre-Jean de Béranger. Tr. William Young.

SAVOY.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN HIGH SAVOY.

NATURE'S fair, fruitless, aimless world
Men take and mould at will:
Scoop havens from the wasteful sea;
Tame heaths to green fertility,
And grind their roadway through the hill.

Another aspect now she dons,
Changed by the hands of men;
What harvest plains of golden hope,
What vineyards on the amber slope,
What lurid forge-lights in the glen!

Yet still some relic she reserves
Of what was all her own;
Keeps the wild surface of the moor,
Or where the glacier-torrents roar,
Reigns o'er gray piles of wrinkled stone.

And though man's daily strengthening sway
Contracts her precinct fair,
Yet round smooth sweeps of vine-set land
Her vaporous ranks of summit stand
As ghosts in morning's silent air:

Or on vast slopes unploughed, untrod,
She vindicates her right;
Green billows of primeval copse,
Tossing a myriad spiry tops
'Neath the full zenith-flood of light.

Or where, whilst o'er Rhone's azure lake
Heaven's azure stainless lies,
From the White Mount the white clouds strike,
As if volcano-born, or like
The smoke of some great sacrifice.

Francis Turner Palgrave.

SAVOY.

Annecy.

LES CHARMETTES.

I MAY be cold, may want that glow
Of high romance which bards should know;
That holy homage which is felt
In treading where the great have dwelt, —
This reverence, whatsoe'er it be,
I fear, I feel, I have it not;
For here, at this still hour, to me
The charms of this delightful spot, —
Its calm seclusion from the throng,
From all the heart would fain forget, —
This narrow valley, and the song
Of its small murmuring rivulet, —
The flitting to and fro of birds,
Tranquil and tame as they were once
In Eden, ere the startling words
Of man disturbed their orisons! —
Those little shadowy paths, that wind

Up the hillside, with fruit-trees lined,
And lighted only by the breaks
The gay wind in the foliage makes,
Or vistas here and there, that ope
  Through weeping willows, like the snatches
Of far-off scenes of light, which hope,
  Even through the shade of sadness, catches! —
All this, which, could I once but lose
  The memory of those vulgar ties
Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues
  Of Genius can no more disguise
Than the sun's beams can do away
The filth of fens o'er which they play, —
This scene which would have filled my heart
  With thoughts of all that happiest is, —
Of love, where self hath only part,
  As echoing back another's bliss, —
Of solitude, secure and sweet,
Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet;
Which, while it shelters, never chills
  Our sympathies with human woe,
But keeps them, like sequestered rills,
  Purer and fresher in their flow, —
Of happy days that share their beams
  'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ, —
Of tranquil nights that give in dreams
  The moonlight of the morning's joy!
All this my heart could dwell on here,
But for those hateful memories near,
Those sordid truths, that cross the track
Of each sweet thought and drive them back

Full into all the mire and strife
And vanities of that man's life
Who, more than all that e'er have glowed
With Fancy's flame (and it was his
If ever given to mortal), showed
What an impostor Genius is.

Thomas Moore.

Arve, the River.

TO THE RIVER ARVE.

NOT from the sands or cloven rocks
Thou rapid Arve! thy waters flow;
Nor earth within its bosom locks
Thy dark, unfathomed wells below.
Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream
Begins to move and murmur first
Where ice-peaks feel the noonday beam,
Or rain-storms on the glacier burst.

Born where the thunder and the blast,
And morning's earliest light are born,
Thou rushest swoln, and loud, and fast,
By these low homes, as if in scorn:
Yet humbler springs yield purer waves;
And brighter, glassier streams than thine,
Sent up from earth's unlighted caves,
With heaven's own beam and image shine.

Yet stay! for here are flowers and trees;
Warm rays on cottage roofs are here,
And laugh of girls, and hum of bees,—
Here linger till thy waves are clear.
Thou heedest not, thou hastest on;
From steep to steep thy torrent falls,
Till, mingling with the mighty Rhone,
It rests beneath Geneva's walls.

Rush on, — but were there one with me
That loved me, I would light my hearth
Here, where with God's own majesty
Are touched the features of the earth.
By these old peaks, white, high, and vast,
Still rising as the tempests beat,
Here would I dwell, and sleep, at last,
Among the blossoms at their feet.

William Cullen Bryant.

Chamouni (Chamonix), the Valley.

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,

How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enwrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing, there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink;
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn

Co-herald, — wake, O, wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows! Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast, —
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me, — rise, O, ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

CHAMOUNY AT SUNRISE.

FROM the deep shadow of the silent fir-grove
I lift my eyes, and trembling look on thee,
Brow of eternity, thou dazzling peak,

From whose calm height my dreaming spirit mounts
And soars away into the infinite!

Who sank the pillar in the lap of earth,
Down deep, the pillar of eternal rock,
On which thy mass stands firm, and firm hath stood
While centuries on centuries rolled along?
Who reared, up-towering through the vaulted blue,
Mighty and bold, thy radiant countenance?

Who poured you from on high with thunder-sound,
Down from old winter's everlasting realm,
O jagged streams, o'er rock and through ravine?
And whose almighty voice commanded loud,
"Here shall the stiffening billows rest awhile!"
Whose finger points yon morning-star his course?
Who fringed with blossom-wreaths the eternal frost?
Whose name, O wild Arveiron, does thy din
Of waves sound out in dreadful harmonies?

"Jehovah!" crashes in the bursting ice;
Down through the gorge the rolling avalanche
Carries the word in thunder to the vales.
"Jehovah!" murmurs in the morning breeze,
Along the trembling tree-tops; down below
It whispers in the purling, silvery brooks.

Friederike Brunn. Tr. Charles T. Brooks.

PROCESSIONS

SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

TO appease the gods, or public thanks to yield,
Or to solicit knowledge of events
Which in her breast Futurity concealed,
And that the Past might have its true intents
Feelingly told by living monuments, —
Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
Graven on her cankered walls, solemnities
That moved in long array before admiring eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state
Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,
Marched round the altar, to commemorate
How, when their course they through the desert took,
Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,
They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low;
Green boughs were borne, while, for the blast that shook
Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
Shouts rise, and storms of sound from lifted trumpets blow!

And thus, in order, mid the sacred grove
Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,
The priests and damsels of Ammonian Jove
Provoked responses with shrill canticles;

While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,
They round his altar bore the hornéd God,
Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells
Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,
When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

Why speak of Roman pomps? the haughty claims
Of chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;
The feast of Neptune, — and the Cereal Games,
With images, and crowns, and empty cars;
The dancing Salii, — on the shields of Mars
Smiting with fury; and a deeper dread
Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars
Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head
Of Cybelé was seen, sublimely turreted!

At length a spirit more subdued and soft
Appeared to govern Christian pageantries:
The cross, in calm procession borne aloft,
Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze
From a long train, — in hooded vestments fair
Enwrapt, — and winding, between Alpine trees
Spiry and dark, around their house of prayer,
Below the icy bed of bright Argentiere.

Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,
The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes!
Still, with those white-robed shapes, — a living stream, —
The glacier pillars join in solemn guise
For the same service, by mysterious ties;
Numbers exceeding credible account

Of number, pure and silent votaries
Issuing or issued from a wintry fount;
The impenetrable heart of that exalted mount!

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam
While they the church engird with motion slow,
A product of that awful mountain seem,
Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow;
Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,
Not swans descending with the stealthy tide,
A livelier sisterly resemblance show,
Than the fair forms, that in long order glide,
Bear to the glacier band, — those shapes aloft descried.

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
Of that licentious craving in the mind
To act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;
And marvel not that antique Faith inclined
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned;
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,
Avoid these sights, nor brood o'er fable's dark abyss!

William Wordsworth.

CHAMOUNY.

That very day,
From a bare ridge, we also first beheld
Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and grieved
To have a soulless image on the eye
That had usurped upon a living thought

That nevermore could be. The wondrous Vale
Of Chamouny stretched far below, and soon,
With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,
A motionless array of mighty waves,
Five rivers broad and vast, made rich amends,
And reconciled us to realities;
There small birds warble from the leafy trees,
The eagle soars high in the element;
There doth the reaper bind the yellow sheaf,
The maiden spread the haycock in the sun,
While Winter like a well-tamed lion walks,
Descending from the mountain to make sport
Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

William Wordsworth.

CHAMOUNY.

LAST, let us turn to Chamouny, that shields
With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile fields:
Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,
And with wild-flowers and blooming orchards blend,—
A scene more fair than what the Grecian feigns
Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains;
Here all the seasons revel hand in hand;
Mid lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned,
They sport beneath that mountain's matchless height
That holds no commerce with the summer night.
From age to age, throughout his lonely bounds
The crash of ruin fitfully resounds;
Appalling havoc! but serene his brow,
Where daylight lingers on perpetual snow;
Glitter the stars above, and all is black below.

William Wordsworth.

Mont Blanc.

MONT BLANC.

MONT BLANC is the monarch of mountains:
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

Around his waist are forests braced,
The avalanche in his hand;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.

The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.

I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow
And quiver to his caverned base, —
And what with me wouldst Thou?

Lord Byron.

MONT BLANC.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

I.

THE everlasting universe of things
Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,
Now dark, now glittering, now reflecting gloom,
Now lending splendor, where from secret springs
The source of human thought its tribute brings
Of waters, — with a sound but half its own,
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
Where waterfalls around it leap forever,
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

II.

Thus thou, Ravine of Arve, — dark, deep ravine, —
Thou many-colored, many-voicéd vale,
Over whose pines and crags and caverns sail
Fast clouds, shadows, and sunbeams; awful scene,
Where power in likeness of the Arve comes down,
From the ice-gulfs that gird his secret throne,
Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame
Of lightning through the tempest, — thou dost lie,
The giant brood of pines around thee clinging,
Children of elder time, in whose devotion
The chainless winds still come and ever came
To drink their odors, and their mighty swinging

To hear, — an old and solemn harmony;
Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep
Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil
Robes some unsculptured image; the strange sleep
Which, when the voices of the desert fail,
Wraps all in its own deep eternity;
Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion
A loud, lone sound, no other sound can tame:
Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,
Thou art the path of that unresting sound,
Dizzy ravine! and when I gaze on thee,
I seem as in a trance sublime and strange
To muse on my own separate fantasy,
My own, my human mind, which passively
Now renders and receives fast influencings,
Holding an unremitting interchange
With the clear universe of things around;
One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
Now float above thy darkness, and now rest
Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,
In the still cave of the witch Poesy,
Seeking among the shadows that pass by,
Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,
Some phantom, some faint image; till the breast
From which they fled recalls them, thou art there!

III.

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep, — that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live. I look on high;

Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled
The veil of life and death? or do I lie
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep
Speed far around and inaccessibly
Its circles? for the very spirit fails,
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep
That vanishes among the viewless gales!
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears, still, snowy, and serene, —
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile round it, ice and rock; broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steeps;
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,
And the wolf tracks her there, — how hideously
Its shapes are heaped around! rude, bare, and high,
Ghastly, and scarred, and riven. Is this the scene
Where the old earthquake-demon taught her young
Ruin? Were these their toys? or did a sea
Of fire envelop once this silent snow?
None can reply, — all seems eternal now.
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene, that man may be
But for such faith with nature reconciled;
Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
By all, but which the wise and great and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

IV.

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
Within the dædal earth; lightning, and rain,
Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,
The torpor of the year when feeble dreams
Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
Holds every future leaf and flower, — the bound
With which from that detested trance they leap;
The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
And that of him, and all that his may be;
All things that move and breathe with toil and sound
Are born and die, revolve, subside, and swell.
Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
Remote, serene, and inaccessible:
And this, the naked countenance of earth,
On which I gaze, even these primeval mountains,
Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep,
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,
Slowly rolling on; there, many a precipice
Frost and the sun in scorn of mortal power
Have piled, — dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower,
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky
Rolls its perpetual stream; vast pines are strewing
Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
Branchless and shattered stand; the rocks, drawn down

From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place
Of insects, beasts, and birds becomes its spoil;
Their food and their retreat forever gone,
So much of life and joy is lost. The race
Of man flies far in dread: his work and dwelling
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
And their place is not known. Below, vast caves
Shine in the rushing torrent's restless gleam,
Which from those secret chasms in tumult welling
Meet in the Vale, and one majestic river,
The breath and blood of distant lands, forever
Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,
Breathes its swift vapors to the circling air.

V.

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high: the power is there,
The still and solemn power of many sights
And many sounds, and much of life and death.
In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
Upon that mountain; none beholds them there,
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
Or the star-beams dart through them; winds contend
Silently there, and heap the snow, with breath
Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
Keeps innocently, and like vapor broods
Over the snow. The secret strength of things,

Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,
If to the human mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO A FLOWER ON THE SKIRTS OF MONT BLANC.

WITH heart not yet half rested from Mont Blanc,
O'er thee, small flower, my wearied eyes I bent,
And rested on that humbler vision long.
Is there less beauty in thy purple tent
Outspread, perchance a boundless firmament
O'er viewless myriads which beneath thee throng,
Than in that mount whose sides, with ruin hung,
Frown o'er black glens and gorges thunder-rent?
Is there less mystery? Wisely if we ponder,
Thine is the mightier marvel. Life in thee
Is strong as in cherubic wings that wander,
Seeking the limits of Infinity; —
Life, life to be transmitted, not to expire
Till yonder snowy vault shall melt in the last fire!

Aubrey de Vere.

THE COMING OF MONT BLANC.

RUNNING along the high level
Of Jura, wild and hard,
With the charms of the great Rhone Valley yet lingering in my eyes, —

I heard the porter out calling
The station-name "Bellegarde!"
And then in a moment later I saw wedded earth and skies.

A snow-bank reached to heaven,
And the clouds below its crown
Seemed shrinking off from its summit in a natural fear and awe; —
Great feathery swales suggesting
The lightness of eider-down,
And held in that air-solution by nature's chemical law.

And there, but a little eastward,
Slim needles, greenly white,
Thrust up through the higher strata their points so fatal keen;
Catching and breaking and changing
The wonderful play of light,
But never losing that radiance denied to the lowlands mean.

The great white Alps, and their monarch,
Mont Blanc of the royal fame,
And the Aiguillettes resplendent, that hem the robes of a king:
These were the long-sought glories
That to me that moment came;
And the hour must be far, far distant, an answering thrill to bring.

It seemed as if toil and danger,
As if absence and pain and grief,
In that one supremest moment were a thousand times repaid, —
Like slaking the drouth of the thirsty,
And giving the sick relief,
And allowing the tired to slumber in the cool and pleasant shade.

"Mont Blanc!" I cried; I remember
How calmer companions stared
And looked, from the carriage window to see me insanely leap:
"Mont Blanc! — Thy throne, Almighty! —
And thine eye its brow has dared,
As we have so often dreamed in our broken prophetic sleep!"

"How far away? Is it twenty,
Is it thirty, or fifty miles?"
And a pleasant voice makes answer, of a Swiss beside us there,
While her face is lit with the calmest
Of sweet, compassionate smiles:
"'T is an hundred miles from here the great mountain heaves in air."

An hundred miles! So reach us
At a distance beggaring thought,
The great deeds that the wise and the mighty have done to exalt our race!

So the might of the art creative,
And the marvels it has wrought,
Outstrip the thought that is laggard and make vassals of time and space!

Since then, by sunlight, by moonlight,
At soft eve and radiant morn,
I have watched the Alpine monarch and studied his smile and frown; —
Have seen moraine and glacier
Where ice-bound rivers are born,
And passed the spot where the avalanche comes crashing and thundering down.

But he gives me no hour exultant
Like that when I seemed to choke,
On the wooded heights of Jura, with a pleasure akin to pain, —
When the wild white Alpine glory
To my waiting spirit spoke,
And the scene was forever pictured on the nerves of heart and brain.

Henry Morford.

MONT BLANC REVISITED.

O MOUNT beloved! mine eyes again
Behold the twilight sanguine stain
Along thy peaks expire;
O mount beloved! thy frontier waste
I seek with a religious haste
And reverent desire.

They meet me midst thy shadows cold, —
Such thoughts as holy men of old
  Amidst the desert found;
Such gladness as in Him they felt,
Who with them through the darkness dwelt,
  And compassed all around.

O, happy if His will were so,
To give me manna here for snow,
  And, by the torrent side,
To lead me as he leads his flocks
Of wild deer, through the lonely rocks,
  In peace unterrified;

Since, from the things that trustful rest, —
The partridge on her purple nest,
  The marmot in his den, —
God wins a worship more resigned,
A purer praise than He can find
  Upon the lips of men.

Alas for man! who hath no sense
Of gratefulness nor confidence,
  But still rejects and raves;
That all God's love can hardly win
One soul from taking pride in sin,
  And pleasure over graves.

Yet let me not, like him who trod
In wrath of old the Mount of God,
  Forget the thousands left;

Lest haply, when I seek his face,
The whirlwind of the cave replace
The glory of the cleft.

But teach me, God, a milder thought,
Lest I, of all Thy blood has bought,
Least honorable be;
And this, that moves me to condemn,
Be rather want of love for them
Than jealousy for Thee.

John Ruskin.

Mont Cenis.

PASSAGE OF HANNIBAL OVER THE ALPS.

BEYOND the Pyrenean's lofty bound,
Through blackening forests shagged with pine around,
The Carthaginian passed; and, fierce, explored
The Volcan champaign with his wasting sword.
Then trod the threatening banks with hastening force,
Where Rhone high-swelling rolls its sweeping course.
From Alpine heights, and steep rocks, capped with snow,
Gushes the Rhone, where Gaul is stretched below.
Cleaves with a mighty surge the foaming plain,
And with broad torrent rushes in the main.
Swollen Arar mingles slow its lingering tide,
That, silent gliding, scarcely seems to glide:

Caught in the headlong whirlpool, breaks away,
Snatched through the plains, and starting from delay;
Plunged in the deep the hurried stream is tost,
And in the greater flood its name is lost.
Alert the troops the bridgeless current brave,
With head and neck upraised above the wave,
Secure their steely swords; or firm divide,
With sinewy arms, the strong and boisterous tide.
The war-steed, bound on rafts, the river treads;
Nor the vast elephant retarding dreads
To tempt the ford; while scattered earth they strow
O'er the hid planks that hide the stream below.
Loosed from the banks the gradual cord extends,
And on the flood the unconscious beast descends.
As the trooped quadrupeds, down-sliding slow,
Launched on the stream that, quivering, dashed below;
Beneath the incumbent weight, with starting tide,
The rapid Rhone poured back on every side:
Tossed its white eddies on the frothy strand,
And, sullen, murmured on its chafing sand.
Now stretched the onward host their long array
Through the Tricastine plains; and wound their way
O'er smooth ascents, and where Vocontia yields
The level champaign of her verdant fields.
Athwart their easy march Druentia spread
The devastation of its torrent bed:
Turbid with stones and trunks of trees, descends
The Alpine stream; the ashen forests rends;
Rolls mountain fragments, crumbling to the shock,
And beats with raving surge the channelled rock.
Of nameless depth its ever-changing bed

Betrays the fording warrior's faithless tread;
The broad and flat pontoon is launched in vain,
High swells the flood with deluges of rain;
Snatched with his arms the staggering soldier slides,
And mangled bodies toss in gulfy tides.
But now, the o'erhanging Alps, in prospect near,
Efface remembered toils in future fear.
While with eternal frost, with hailstones piled,
The ice of ages grasps those summits wild.
Stiffening with snow the mountain soars in air,
And fronts the rising sun, unmelted by the glare.
As the Tartarean gulf, beneath the ground,
Yawns to the gloomy lake in hell's profound;
So high earth's heaving mass the air invades,
And shrouds the heaven with intercepting shades.
No Spring, no Summer, strews its glories here;
Lone Winter dwells upon these summits drear,
And guards his mansion round the endless year,
Mustering from far around his grisly form
Black rains, and hailstone showers, and clouds of storm.
Here in their wrathful kingdom whirlwinds roam,
And the blasts struggle in their Alpine home.
The upward sight a swimming darkness shrouds,
And the high crags recede into the clouds.

* * * * *

But no rude Alp, no terror of the scene,
Moved Hannibal, undaunted and serene:
Indignant sadness only changed his brow;
As with exhorting words he quickened now
Their languid hopes and hearts: "What shame were ours,

Tired with the favor of the heavenly Powers;
Sick of our long success, those glorious bays
That crowned the labor of our well-fought days:
To turn our recreant backs on mountain snows,
And slothful yield, where only rocks are foes!
O, now my friends, e'en now, believe, ye climb
Despotic Rome's proud walls, and tread, sublime,
The Capitol of Jove! thus, thus we gain
The prize of toil, and Tiber owns our chain."
He spoke; nor they delayed: the troops he drew
Up the steep hills, their promised spoil in view:
Transgressed the Herculean road, and first made known
Tracks yet untrodden and a path their own:
Where inaccessible the desert rose,
He burst a passage through forbidden snows;
He, first, the opposing ridge ascending tried,
And bade the unconquerable cliff subside;
Cheered on the lingering troops; and, beckoning high,
Stood on the crag, and shouted from the sky.
Oft, where the slippery path belied the tread,
And concrete frost the whitening cliff bespread;
Through the reluctant ice his arm explored
The upward track, that opened to his sword.
Oft the thawed surface from the footstep shrank;
Sucked in the absorbing gulf the warriors sank;
Or from high ridge the mass of rushing snow
In humid ruin whelmed the ranks below.
On dusky wings the west-wind swept the heaven;
Full in their face the snowy whirls were driven;
Now from their empty grasp the arms are torn,
And sudden on the howling whirlwind borne;

Snatched on the blast, the wrested weapons fly,
And wheel in airy eddies round the sky.
When, striving o'er the ascent, the height they gain
With planted foot, increasing toils remain:
Yet other heights their upward view surprise,
And opening mountains upon mountains rise.

* * * * *

O'er jagged heights, and icy fragments rude,
Thus climb they, midst the mountain solitude;
And from the rocky summits, haggard, show
Their half-wild visage, clotted thick with snow.
Continual drizzlings of the drifting air
Scar their rough cheeks, and stiffen in their hair.
Now poured from craggy dens, a headlong force,
The Alpine hordes hang threatening on their course;
Track the known thickets, beat the mountain snow,
Bound o'er the steeps, and hovering hem the foe.
Here changed the scene; the snows were crimsoned o'er,
The hard ice trickled to the tepid gore.
With pawing hoof the courser delved the ground,
And rigid frost his clinging fetlock bound:
Nor yet his slippery fall the peril ends;
The fracturing ice the bony socket rends.
Twelve times they measured the long light of day,
And night's bleak gloom, and urged through wounds their way;
Till on the topmost ridge their camp was flung,
High o'er the steepy crags, in airy distance, hung.

Silius Italicus. Tr. Charles Abraham Elton.

PASSAGE OF HANNIBAL.

SCENE first; — the Pyrenees at Venus point,
Her temple shining o'er the waves, that came
Rising and falling with the sounds that swell
The grand old choral music of the sea —
To greet us with a murmur from the East.
The next; — the broad blue waters of the Rhone,
That swirled betwixt us and the yelling Gauls,
Until our vanguard flashed upon their rear,
And freed the passage; — the long line of wharfs,
The glittering arms, horse, foot, and elephants,
Twisting their monstrous trunks in wonderment; —
Last, the great cheer upon the further bank!

* * * * *

What sights, what sounds, what wonders, marked our way!
Terrors of ice, and glories of the snow,
Wide treacherous calms, and peaks that rose in storm
To hold the stars, or catch the morn, or keep
The evening with a splendor of regret;
Or, jutting through the mists of moonlight, gleamed
Like pearly islands from a seething sea; —
On dawn-swept heights, the war-cry of the winds;
The wet wrath round the steaming battlements,
From which the sun leapt upward, like a sword
Drawn from its scabbard; — the green chasms that cleft
Frost to its centre; echoes drifting far,
Down the long gorges of the answering hills;

The thunders of the avalanche; — the cry
Of the strange birds that hooted in amaze
To see men leaving all the tracks of men; —
Snow-purpling flowers, first promise of the earth;
Then welcome odors of the woods less wild;
Gray lustres looming on the endless moor;
The voice of fountains, in eternal fall
From night and solitude to life and day!

John Nichol.

THE END.

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